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FREE

THE INTERNATIONAL ISSUE

NEWS FROM JAPAN, INDIA, AUSTRALIA, CHINA, & THE U.K.

INTERVIEWS: BILLY BRAGG & RUN DMC

WRESTLING WITH INTERNATIONAL ISSUES

HERMAN PARKER

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by night thou wouldst have died;⁴ bonā is a gerundive

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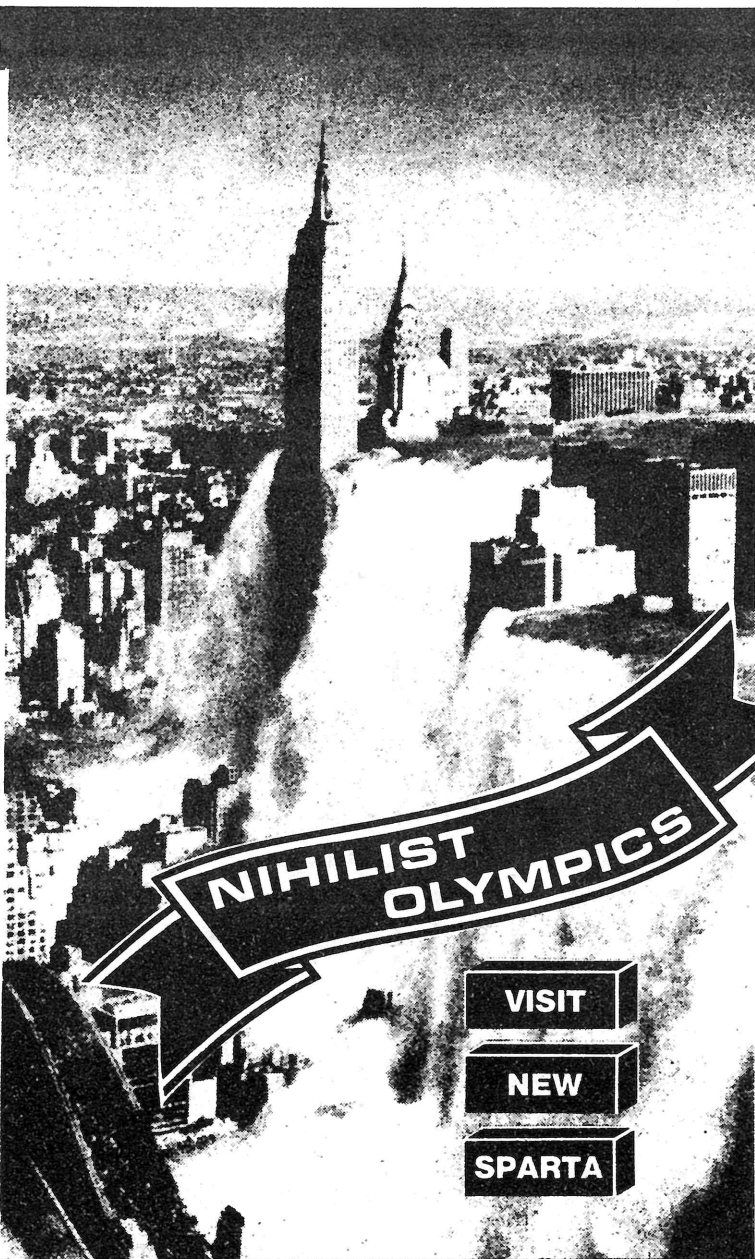
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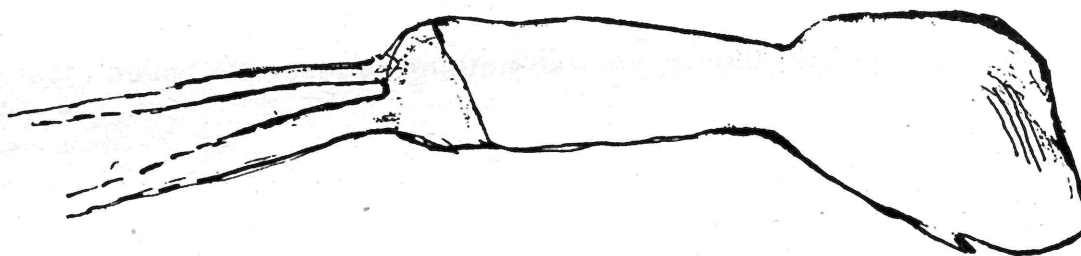
JIM NEILL

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LEE VALENTINE

T. ZEMBRUSKI



You are a child, and there is a globe in front of you. The colors are pastel; they look delicious, like the different flavors of sherbet. There is the pale pink of Uganda, the buff expanses of the Northwest Territories, the lime of Cyprus, the lemon of Morocco, Iceland like a snowdrift, Cambodia the tint of diluted grape juice, Oman off-white as the desert sands, India the yellow-brown of curry.

You say to yourself: I will eat the world. The world is one fruit with every possible flavor.

You follow the thin black lines of rivers, like veins in the bodies of nations. The eyes of lakes stare back at you. A peninsula protrudes into its bay like the muzzle of a sinister but fabulous beast. And over everything a netting of latitudes and longitudes keeps the sphere together — also the white skull-cap of Antarctica, worn on the *bottom* of the head.

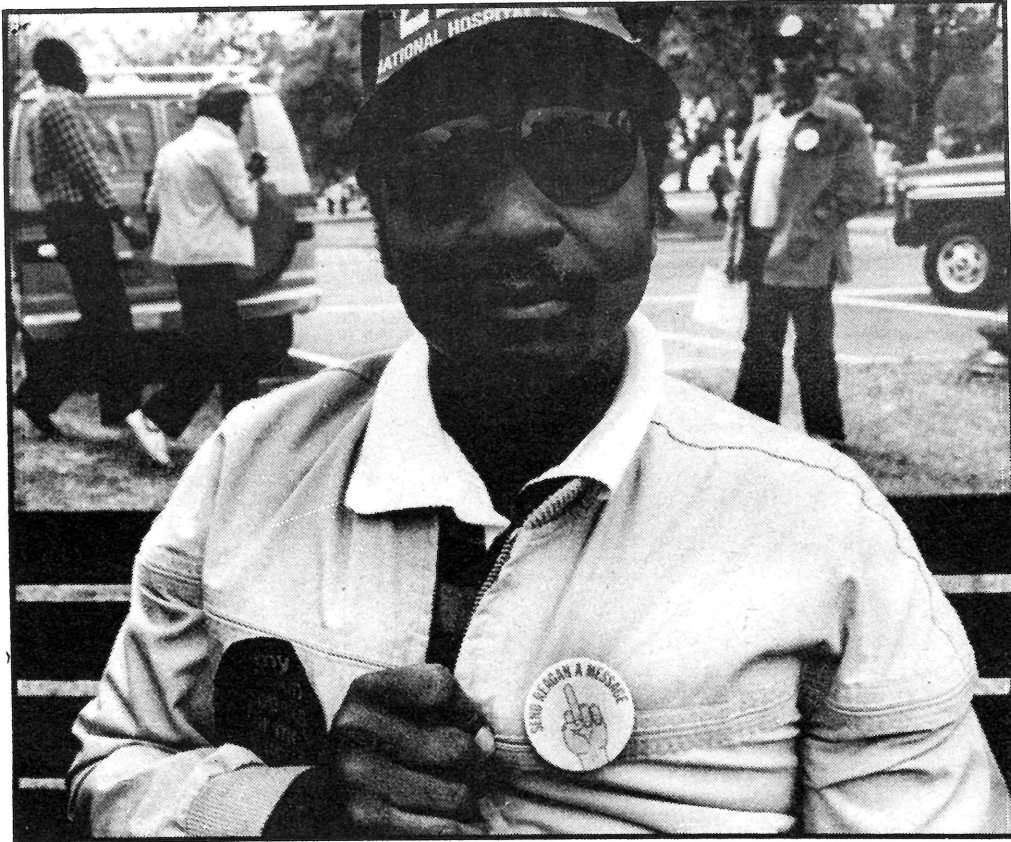
One fruit with a million flavors. You hold the globe in your hands and turn it over and over, until you are not a child any more. Suddenly you notice the fruit is no longer ripe. Its surface is burned with war, dirty and softening. You touch a match to the stem of the North Pole, it burns for a minute, and then the globe explodes.

Volume 2, No. 3

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INTERNATIONAL TALK WITH HERMAN PARKER



HELLO.

My name is Herman Parker and this is around the world in 261 words because this is international luggage weekend and it is good to get out once in a while. I'm talking the wonderful world of flight attendants and jet lag. I'm talking geography here, because this is geography talk and I'm your host, Herman Parker.

Not only am I talkin Europe, U.S.S.R., Asia, Africa, the Americas, and the Arctic Caps, I'm talkin Atlantis, Lilliput, and Battle Creek, Michigan. I'm talkin the Seven Wonders of the World. I'm talkin Stevie and Bread to name a couple. I'm talkin geography. I'm talkin density, pattern, population, and dispersion. I'm talking cultural realms and tropical motifs. I'm talking brain drains and pygmy piles. I'm talking pastoral nomadism and cash-crop farming. I'm talking slashing, felling, firing, planting, guarding, weeding, harvesting, cleaning, and smoking. I'm talking major milksheds because this is geography talk and I'm your host, Herman Parker.

Not only am I talking rice and rubber, I'm talking broad belt, flanked on its borders, inland drainage and irregular summer flow. I'm talking man's ever-changing role in altering the face of the earth. Let's face it, I'm talking chess game in Geneva, Chutes and Ladders in Johannesburg, Battling Tops in Jerusalem, I Spy the Fox in El Salvador and Capture the Flag in Managua. Not to mention Uncle Wiggly in Ethiopia, Pop-O-Matic in Beirut, and Olly Olly Oxen Free in Indochina. I'm Herman Parker and I'm talkin about the differentiation of mankind. How good is man? I'm talkin medium, rare, or well done??

Guess what? OH NO! NOHO! is one year old. A year of rabbits tugged screaming from hats, a year of heroes and villains.

Thanks, heroes. We're still here.

But why? Why would people without capital or facilities subject themselves to the misery of the publishing business?

For one thing, we're workoholics, and this keeps us off the streets. You wouldn't want workoholics prowling the streets looking for work, would you?

Actually OH NO! NOHO! has gotten people in touch with each other and sometimes with themselves. It's an anthill of writers, visual artists, designers, cartoonists, photographers, disc jockeys, actors, musicians, models, comedians and businesspeople. And readers. And bartenders.

Its object is to give everybody a chance to do the best they can.

Some pretty important people went out of their way to try and kill us. That has been our main encouragement.

We started with nothing. We had nothing to lose. We haven't lost it yet.

**INTERNATIONAL
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Mrs. Gorbachev wore the same blouse twice.

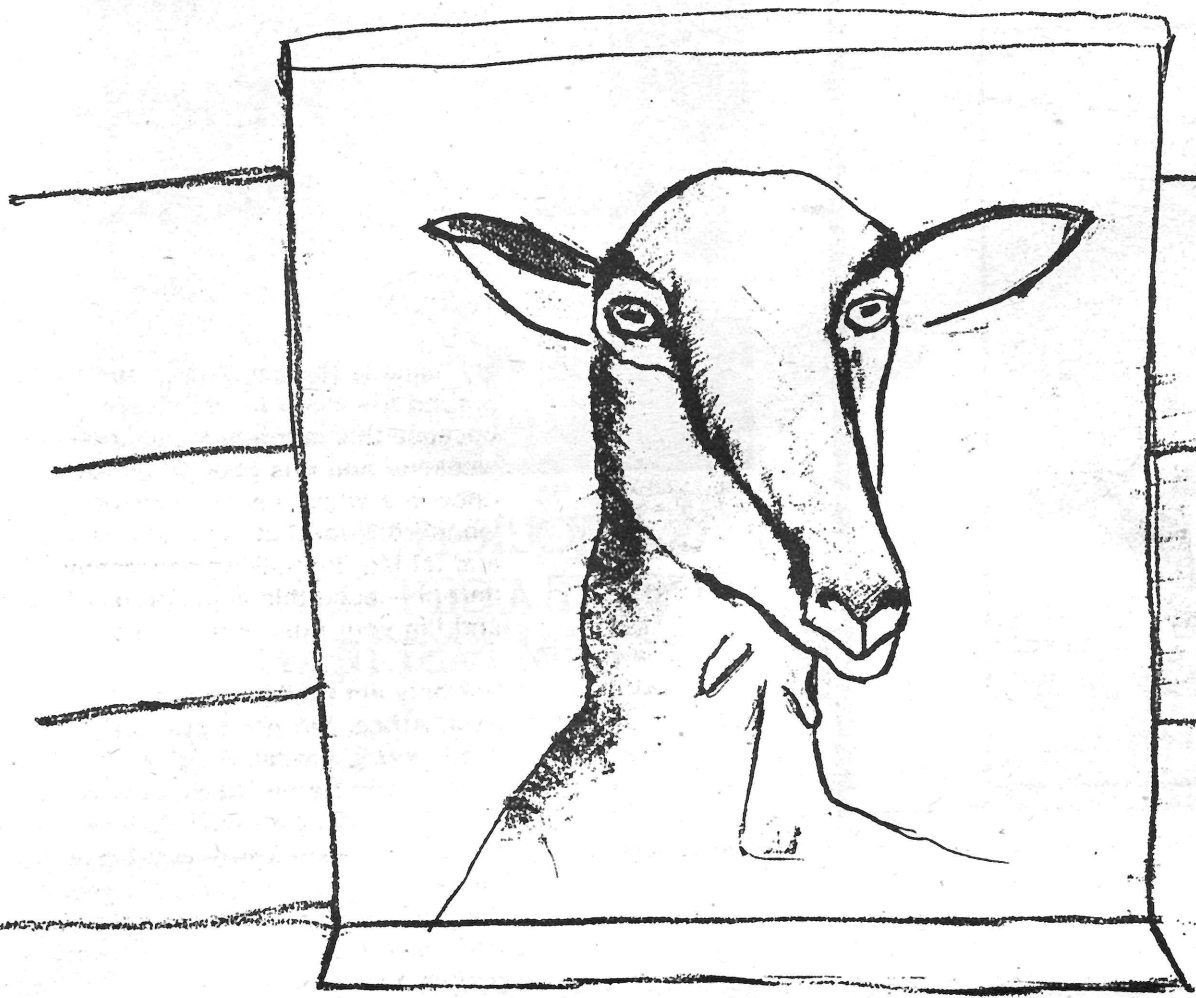
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Mrs. Reagan wore a hat.



Mrs. Gorbachev took hers off.



PANEGYRIC

Some years ago we were given two baby French Alpine wether goats — brothers. We installed them in the former milk room of the barn. I planned to fence in the "bottom" of the property to pasture them — it was land that needed clearing. Being, however, a completely ersatz farmer, I had no idea what a pain it is to build a fence, and so it took me a couple of years to get around to it.

By the time I was done, the goats weighed 180 pounds each. Creatures of habit like all farm animals, they loved their room and had to be dragged bucking and bleating out to the field. There, for a while, they were seduced by the open air, the warmth of the sun, and the fresh feed. They ripped up shrubbery, and stripped the lower branches from trees. Finally, by the middle of August, they had eaten everything down to the topsoil. I threw them bales of hay over the fence, but the next morning I was awakened by a crash on the porch. They had escaped from paradise; they wanted to go home. In their milk room, they reared up on their hind legs and did some congratulatory slam-dancing. (goats always slam-dance when they're happy).

Human beings are just as attached to home as the goats are, and we have huge pens called nations to contain and identify us. And so the species is divided and can't accomplish much. It might have been otherwise. The Old Testament reports that back when everyone spoke one language "they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top *may reach* unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

God, that big AWACS, spotted it. 'And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.' Sounds worried, doesn't He? Here's a clear message from Scripture itself: a unified humanity would be powerful beyond gods.

The story has a rough ending. The Lord is still speaking: 'Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scat-

tered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.'

Sorted by languages and geography, we would sooner be in our milk-rooms than out in the field. The evening news shows us South Africa, smoke in the Londonderry streets, children in Ethiopia thin as pencils. And even as we feel compassion, we say to ourselves, 'Thank God I'm in America and not over there,' meaning 'Thank God I'm safe in my pen.'

We like to travel a little, the way the goats like the field while the feed is high. Nice safe visits to pastures with plentiful grass, this is good. But go there for real, spend years in the wide world, hear the peculiar braying of a different herd? This gives us fear. Besides, America is the biggest, cleanest, safest milk room. Go outside it even eight feet, just to Canada, and everything is different. Suddenly the news is closer. A war in the Middle East seems two blocks away in Paris. Only in America is it possible to pretend that anywhere in the world is far away.

Inside their milk-room, the goat brothers ruminate, defecate, and rule. The chicken that crosses their space better be quick. In perfect contentment they hunker down even on the coldest winter night, staring at a spot of frozen moonlight on their milk-white walls. Nothing knocks on the door. 5000 miles away, the Champs-Elysees sparkles like a string of jewels. A minor nobleman in tears gets into a taxicab. A pirate radio station goes on the air, and the traffic around the Arc de Triomphe tightens like a noose as the moon rises. The goats don't care. In a small town on the Nicaraguan border, C.I.A. mercenaries shoot fourteen women and children on their way to visit Sandinista soldiers. The goats don't care.

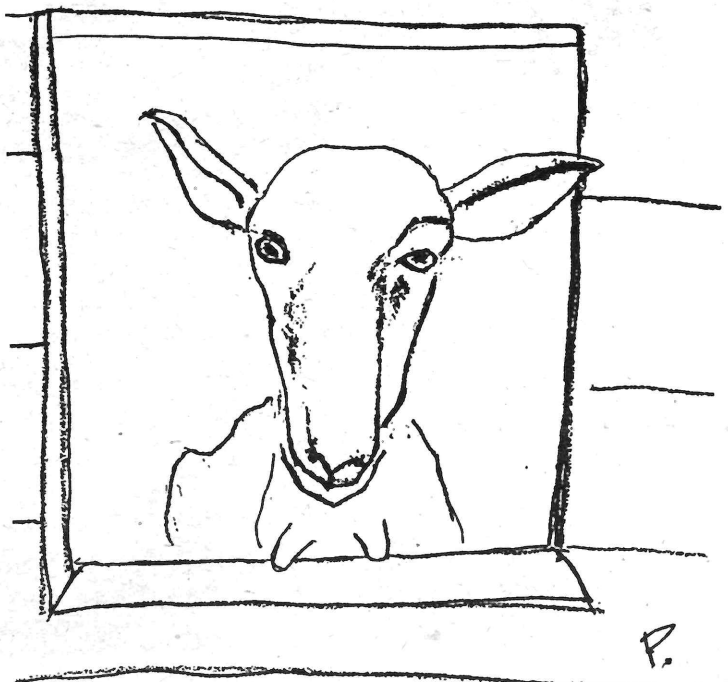
I like the goats just fine, but if I had to be cooped up in that room I'd go out of my mind. Similarly, I like America just fine. We have been spared war on our own soil, the lanky horseman of famine, the minimalism of overpopulation. But if I saw myself as American only, and not as a citizen of the planet, I'd be a bloody goat myself. I'd be right in the pen where nationalism put me.

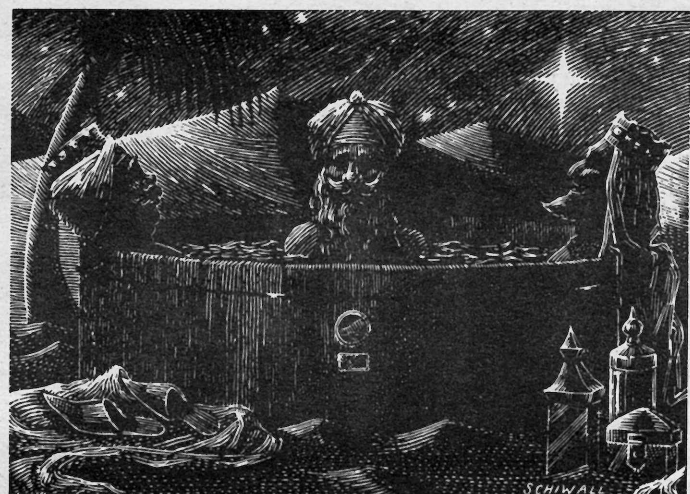
Can we undo the damage done at Babel? I have a prognostication: The first UFO that lands is the end of nations.

Friend or enemy, the saucer will make us think like a species. We will put down the guns aimed at our own heads. We will want to give a good account of ourselves, ('let us make a name'). We can skirt the languages that God inflicted on us by means of electronics, music, dance and food. And with a lot of pointing and grunting can get back to work on that city and tower. And then do whatever we imagine.

Why wait for the saucer? Why not do it now? Oh hell, I know why. Say it again: The goats don't care.

David Lenson





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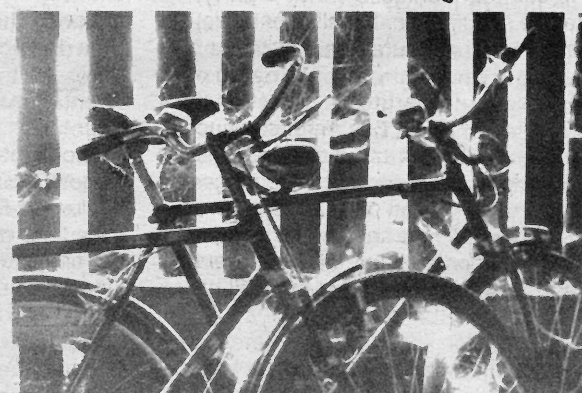
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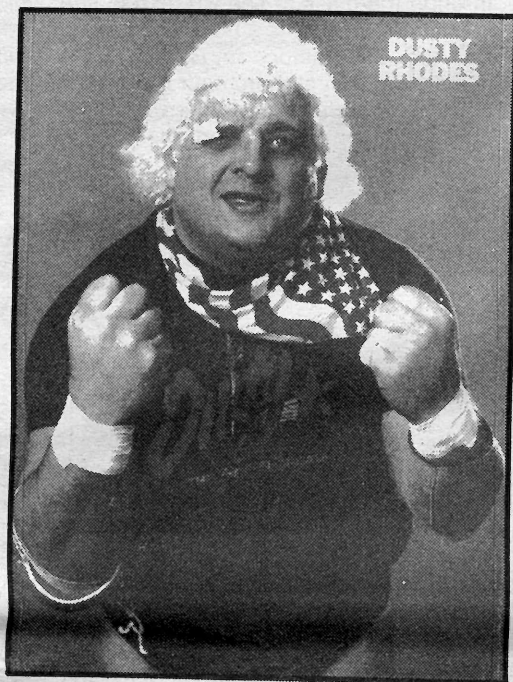
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INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING

(Circuses and Band-Aids, etc.)



I was smoking some Hawaiian stuff (Hawaii used to be a nation), and watching some Pro Wrestling. Hulk Hogan is more popular than Sgt. Slaughter, maybe because he's more culturally sensitive. The announcer said that Hulk has a lot of "class". That he's a scientific wrestler. Even wrestling is subject to the bounds of good taste, culture (honest). As life becomes internationalized, cultural sensitivity becomes more important. Pro Wrestling used to be All-American. Now you got Lord Jonathan Boyd vs. Tojo Yammamoto, Roddy Piper vs. Komala, Andre the Giant vs. Torrus Balba, and of course nasty Nikita Koloff vs. Dusty "American Dream" Rhodes. (I took a hit of Lebanese hash, and I was maybe getting paranoid and confused). I was wondering if wrestling is real? And what if the "American Dream" doesn't win the championship? What if there was a new international contestant called, say, "U.N. Army"? What if Nikita Koloff and U.N. Army teamed up to beat American Dream and Sgt. Slaughter?... Rambo?? Naw, his hair is too short. I took another hit.

My mind drifted into international waters. We just celebrated the 40th anniversary of the United Nations. But I'm still real confused (what a party) about whether we should be nationalist (patriotic) or internationalist (hip, culturally sensitive), or what? On the one hand (right) we got Rambo-Commando, trade embargoes, sanctions, counter-terrorism, Star-Wars, Buy American and Farm Aid. And on the same hand, we got free trade, cultural exchanges, "constructive engagement," military aid, European partners and Live Aid-Band Aid. Sometimes it seems like we got nationalism for the poor (and patriotic providers of soldiers) and internationalism for the well-off (and hip providers of "culture").

Nationalism (flags etc.) has been around a long time. It takes people's minds off things, like injustice, poverty, starvation. You know, kill the commies, kill the colored people, kill the Los Angeles Lakers. It's pretty useful stuff. But it can be overdone. Germany used to be nationalistic (Nazis were bad, but we're nice). The U.N. was created to counteract nationalism (partly). At least to try to regulate the international wrestling that does occur. The thing was, nationalism causes big wars. War - bad. Stability - good. International co-operation! No more World Wars. Then

everyone will be pretty happy. Sounds excellent. -- They'd never let it happen...

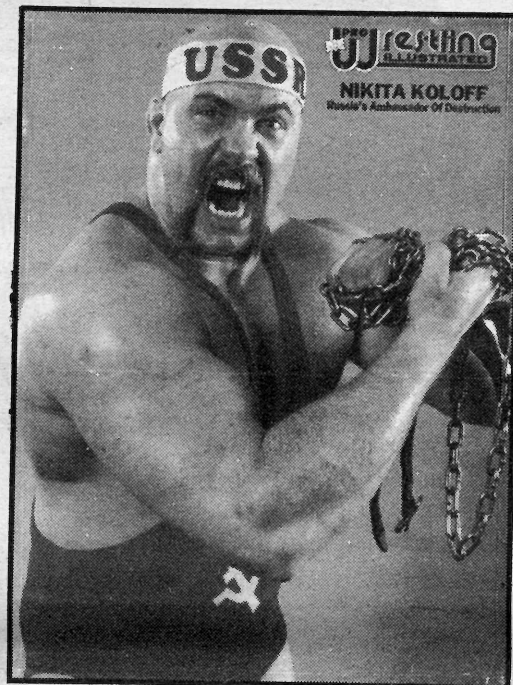
But it's already happening. And "They" may even be encouraging it. People worry that when the Great Communicators meet, they don't agree on anything. I worry that soon they'll agree on too much. Internationalism (and cultural exchange) could potentially be just as good a circus for the oppressed as nationalism is/was. And it doesn't mean that there'll be no more war, institutionalized violence, or "bad guys." War will remain the video game of the world aristocracy. Can you not envision a U.S.-U.S.S.R. counter-terrorist brigade (live on World T.V.) swooping down on some underequipped nationalist terrorists (a.k.a. the only self-defense of the wretched of the earth)? Maybe I am getting paranoid. (But I'll take one more hit of the Colombian). O.K. You think we'll defend our self-sufficiency, liberty and justice for all, to the last man. You think nationalism is here to stay.

Here to stay. Gone tomorrow. Communication and transportation technologies are making nationalism less relevant. People and products are not tied to countries the way they used to be. And international incidents and exchanges are instant media events. Band-Aid. Live Aid. Olympics. Defections. Sushi. Dynasty. Gucci. Human rights (in other countries). Hostage swaps. Spy swaps. Royalty swaps. We lost American Princeton-ess Lisa Halaby (Queen Noor of Jordan) but we did get the Shah. Mercenaries. Menudo. Body organ swaps. Heroes changing sides (Sandinistas become Contras). "Patriots" like Somoza (next Marcos) and Yurchenko changes nations like free agent athletes changing teams! Drugs. Catholicism. Boat People. Migrants. Nobody stays home any more. With all these economic, cultural and scientific exchanges, are we gonna end up with basically *one* world culture? And what about our self-sufficiency (foreign cars, foods, energy, clothes)?

How can all those people forsake their own cultures? (Wouldn't Marcos miss his neighbors, and good home cooking?) Well they don't actually. 'Cuz in some ways there's only *two* cultures. The Cultured, and the Uncultured. Two nations: them that has, them that don't. Social scientists rap a lot about cultural sensitivity and understanding. You know how some cultures like "broken" families. Or aren't as material as we are (by choice?). Government states that we can't force them (Latino Governments) to live by our values (basic civil rights). The Pope is pushing the spiritual beauty of poverty (he's the best dressed man in the world). We use "cultural differences" to gloss over class difference (I better have some Brazilian coffee, and try to come down a little). So when peasants and Shahs switch nations, they're not really changing cultures (class), just time zones.

Classism remains the fundamental social organizing principle of the world community. Aristocrats and peasants.

When Queen Elizabeth visited the colonies (U.S.A.) a few years ago, she enjoyed the midwest, graciously commenting something pleasant about "the peasants" there. Her embarrassed advisors explained the "error". But she was right. They were lying. Now we get Lady Di, greeted at the airport with placards proclaiming "Lady Di -- You can be *our* Princess too!" (Speak for yourselves, assholes). Anyway, the American Revolution was won by the British. With the accession of the Imperial Presidency, and the strug-



gle for school prayer, we're embracing the feudalistic structure we supposedly revolted against! (Calm down. Have some French wine. OK.)

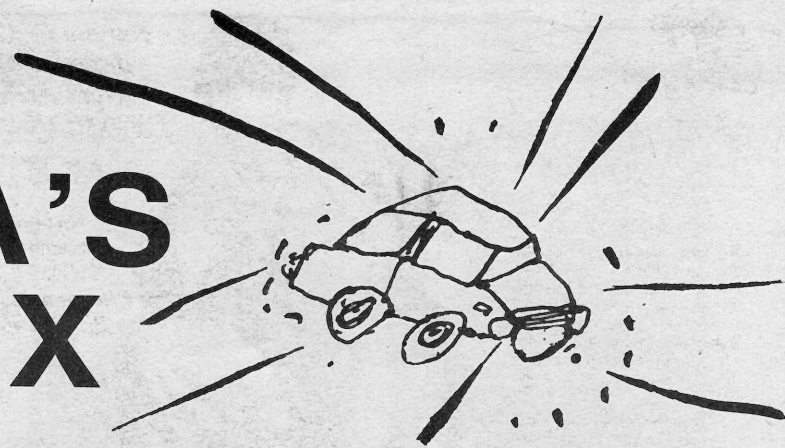
It will matter less and less which country you're a peasant or an aristocrat in. (I know there's middle class. Someone has to manage the peasants). And we're not that close to complete internationalism (a-nationalism). Between Nationalism and Internationalism comes Multinationalism. That's where we're at now. And you can just think of governments as huge *non-profit* (yuh-yuh) corporations. Some are bound to merge. Some already have. Who's next? The U.S. and Canada? The Eastern Bloc? NATO? Corporate co-operation is in. Japanese-American automakers. U.S.-Arab oil. Shared technology is in (even a little with commies). Maybe the Cosa Nostra will merge with the Chinese Mafia. The bureaucratization of the world is coming to a home media system near you. We'll have more "co-orperation" between multi-nations than we ever hoped for. Freedom fighters (for food and rights) will be branded with a new dirty word, worse than terrorists -- they'll be "nationalists" (seeking self-sufficiency). Seeking to disrupt international harmony. A harmony cherished by the Rich. The 21st century will bring a New Internationale, a New Order, and New Feudalism! (Maybe I should take some more Valium. I shouldn't smoke foreign drugs. They just make me confused. I shouldn't be so paranoid, and I shouldn't daydream. Right. OK. OK. Back to reality).

I do think that Dusty "American Dream" Rhodes is capable of defeating Nasty Nikita (now there's a bad guy) for the World's Title. There's not really any "U.N. Army" anyway. Internationalism will not join nationalism as a distraction for the oppressed. It will just make things more fair for everyone. Our national leaders would never sell out our self-sufficiency and freedom for international "co-orperation". I'm not gonna be paranoid about rich people. Lady Di is a nice Princess, and she would never take anything that didn't belong to her.

And, oh yeah. Wrestling is real.

Donny B. Boru

A.C. COBRA'S AUTOEROTIX



As it said last time, I was in Detroit on vacation. And then I pulls into town and some editor is on the phone telling me about the International Issue. Can you imagine a sorer subject for A.C. just back from Detroit? The only international you can talk about in Detroit is Windsor, Ontario. Or International Harvester, maybe. Otherwise you have to get your face modified.

Take this: I gets to my cousin Shelby Cobra's house and he and his friends are sitting around with a big book on voodoo. They got little stuffed cars — little cloth Nissan Sentras, Honda Preludes, Toyoter Coroners, and they is sticking pins into them. 'Dig, A.C., for every pin I stick into this car doll, one of them Jap things breaks down somewhere. Watch. I'm stickin' this pin in the engine — bang, somebody throws a rod. Here goes one in the bottom — muffler falls off.

ing coming up that sounds fairly okay so I gives him the buck and takes the stub and puts it in the basket with the forgin' parts receipts. Then back to bed I goes, until two weeks later the phone rings.

"Yo, Cobra," I answers.

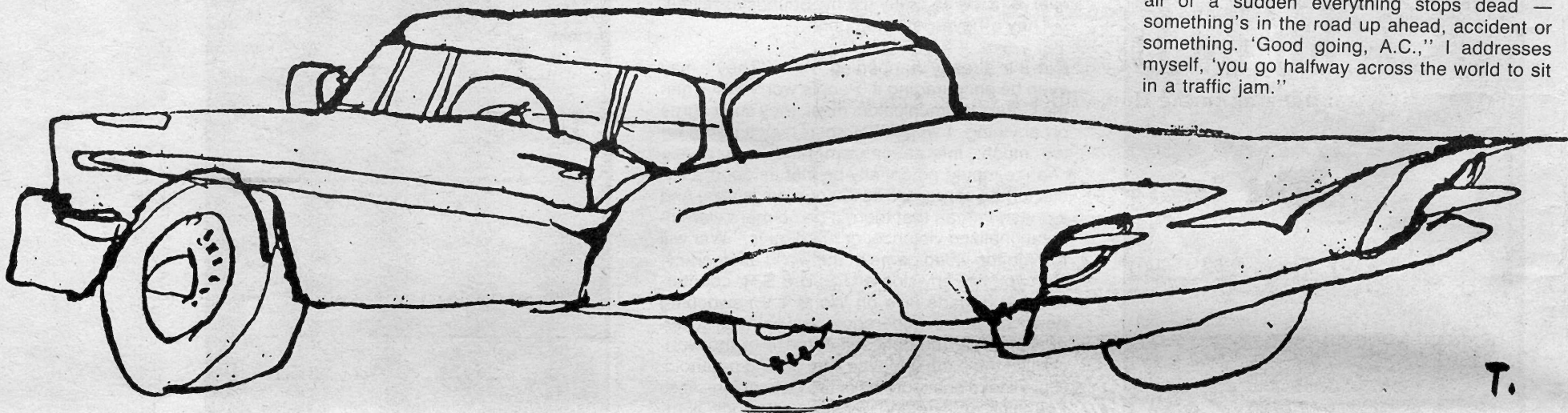
"Mr. Cobra? This is Erwin Federvieh of the Young Beaver Campfire Youth League, and I'm glad to tell you that you are the winner of our raffle!"

"Huh? Me?" I goes. 'Hey, that's great, man, I'm going right down to Serio's to buy some goddamn cranberry sauce. Send it over, okay?'"

I'm about to hang up and get another week's sleep when I detects sour milk in the congratula-

Naturally by this time I am so confused that I do not know for sure whether I am A.C. Cobra or Harry Touchhole from Nowhere. I follows this galoot out into the lot and he walks right up to a 1957 green-and-white Chevy BelAir, unlocks the trunk and puts my suitcase in. Shock freezes my face. I slumps into the back seat. No doubt about it, it's for real. It's not a Turkish mock-up, it's an actual 1957 Chevy and it ain't no big deal, it ain't restored and dolled up, it's *still running, that's all*.

He pulls out into traffic. It's a big road along some fuckin' water, and the rain on the tar makes everything look smeared and messed up. I stares through the glass to see what I can see, which is not much. There is a bunch of stuff that looks like the Colt factory in Hartford lit up with floodlights. At first there ain't much traffic, then all of a sudden everything stops dead — something's in the road up ahead, accident or something. 'Good going, A.C.,' I addresses myself, 'you go halfway across the world to sit in a traffic jam.'



How about a double blowout, huh? Here goes..."

I had no idea it had gotten to this. Ya read all this gobble in the papers about balance of payments, import quotas, market shares, blah blah blah. But out there it's war. 'Fellas,' I goes, 'maybe the problem is that people just won't fork out a year's pay for anything made of plastic. Did you ever think of steel? There's a billion guys in Youngstown standing around waiting to make you all the steel you want, and they're starving just like you because you won't admit that cars is supposed to be made of metal.'

"A.C.," Shelby goes, 'the Japanese don't use any metal either, and they sell 'em like hotcakes. It wasn't enough with the Datsuns and Hondas, now they got nineteen other brands like them Sushis and Hirohitos and Kamekazis and everything. Their cars are garbage just like ours, but they sell. What have they got that we ain't?'"

"Well for starters they run for a little while. Had a nice Olds diesel around the block lately? Checked the recall stats on Caddies? Seen a Cimameron up close? Tried to get a Tempo up a steep hill in the wind? Let's face it, guys. Nobody makes anything you can call a car anymore. Germans? BMW's cook seals, Mercedes Benzes eat trannies, Audis won't even start. Swedes worrying you? Tried to make a Volvo go twenty miles without a trip to the shop?"

"Jeez," they goes, 'what the hell happened to all the cars?'"

Well, I was not about to waste the precious breath of A.C. Cobra on them guys sticking pins into cloth cars. But on you readers I am about to waste some valuable Budweiser-breath, so listen: *I know where all the real cars went.*

Now the image of A.C. Cobra is such that you had best believe that he has never left Hamp for more than a week in Detroit or a junkyard run to Orange. I try to keep it that the most international thing about me is that I go to International Auto Parts in Florence. But now I am going to tell you the truth: one time I went abroad overseas.

It was like this: a kid comes to the door one day about three years ago and asks me if I want to enter a raffle to benefit The Young Beaverbreath Campfire Scouts or something, and I'm half asleep freezing in the front hall and so I says, 'What is the prize of which you are raffling one off?' and he says it's a turkey. What with T'giv-

tion voice that the bastard has been using to speak with up until that point.

"Uh, send it over? Whatever do you mean? Oh, I see, the ticket..."

"Ticket? What else? Forms? Mugshots? Hey, grab some kid off the street, give him \$2.75 and tell him to haul the cluck over to South Street. What's it weigh anyhow?"

The voice didn't sound so jolly no more. 'Mr. Cobra, I begin to think you may have misunderstood.'

Now I'm ratshit. 'WHADDYA MEAN, MISUNDERSTOOD? DIDN'T YOU JUST WAKE ME UP AND TELL ME THAT I WON A FUGGIN' TURKEY?'"

"A TRIP TO TURKEY, Mr. Cobra. A week for one in Istanbul! Didn't little Emil explain when he sold you the chance?"

"Uh, yeah, oh sure," I says. I gets a little weak in the knees. Go someplace like that? Me from Hamp NoHo 01060? What is there gonna be to talk about to those guys? What's the Turkish word for valve lifter anyway? It just don't come to me offhand.

But like I say I am not used to winning nothing, and so like a sheep to the slaughter I goes down to the travel agency and picks up my ticket. Next thing I know I'm standing in some dark corner of Logan Airport where the planes from the weird airlines park. This 707 with red lettering that sez AIR TURKEY on the side comes skulking up. I looks around for the rest of the passengers, but there are none of them to stare back at me. Three stewardesses takes my ticket and gives me some beef jerky soaked in olive oil and sort of a beer. Then I pass out and we land.

It's raining in Istanbul Airport, I have no idea what time it is, it is dark. Customs looks tough, but after they seen that I was the winner of the Beaver Camp Junior Connie Mack Scholarship Fund raffle, they lets me through without saying nothing that I could understand. I stumbles out onto the apron of the airport, and a guy dressed in a Sears-Roebuck suit says 'Texi? Texi?'" I got the name of the hotel written right on the back of my hand, so's I got no way to forget it. I reads it right off of my hand to this guy, and he grabs my bag and makes a sweep with his palm that was supposed to mean something like 'Right this way.'

Then I takes a good gander at the traffic jam. My heart goes BABOON! like a backfire. My head slams against the top of the seat in shock. THE WHOLE TRAFFIC JAM IS ALL OLD CHEVIES! Here they are, all piled up at the light, 58's, 61's, 55's! Nothing newer than 1965! And there's millions of them!!!

"Little Emil," I thinks to myself, 'you must of been sent to A.C. Cobra by God. Because now I think I'm dead and gone to heaven.' Let me tell you, I puts my bag in my hotel room all right, but I don't sleep that night. I goes right out and stands on the street outside the lobby, watching old Chevies ridin' back and forth, makin' turns, stoppin', honkin' their horns and EVERYTHING.

Don't tell nobody, but all I'd do is take cabs. I'd get a nice 58 in the morning and keep it all day. And every time I'd see a 63 or a 55 broke down by the side of the road, I'd stop and help get it going again.

On the Air Turkey coming home, I'm askin' myself the tough questions. How come there were all them old Chevies in Turkey anyhow? Well, if you think of it, you mention old Chevy and everybody in the U.S. of A.'s eyes lights up and they says, 'My father used to have one of them' or 'I had one of them when I was in high school, I wish I'd kept it.' Am I right or am I exactly right? Well, why didn't you keep it, Duck Head? And after you didn't keep it, where did it go?

Well, I have done research, and I know what happened. A bunch of rotten swinebags in New York City used to put these ads in the paper offering to buy your old car off of you, and a lot of dinks took 'em up on it. And they weren't going to keep them old Chevies once they bought 'em off of you either. They were going to ship them all over the world and sell 'em to people who knew how good an old Chevy is. ALL THEM OLD CHEVIES THAT YOU AND YOUR FATHER AND YOUR UNCLE USED TO HAVE ARE STILL RUNNING!! They might be in Turkey or Morocco or Cyprus but even now, with plastic cars dripping off the assembly lines all over the world, even now OLD CHEVIES RULE, GET IT?

So next time you are stickin' your head under the hood of your Sentra or Camry blowing on the computer chips trying to warm 'em up so the thing starts when it's 82 degrees below zero, I want you to think that off in Guatemala City some dip has just stuck in his key and started your uncle's Biscayne and is drivin' away. And he didn't spend no \$18,750 for it neither.

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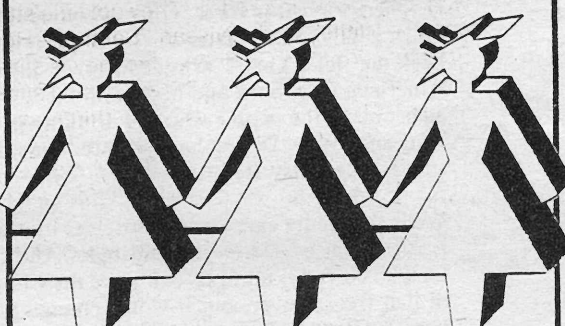
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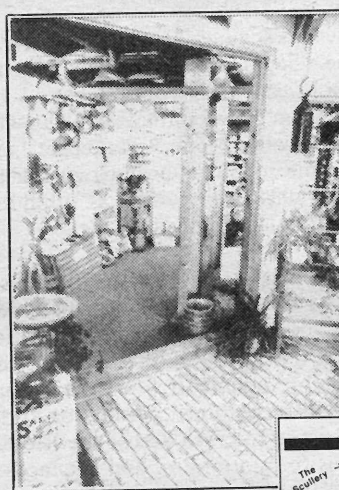
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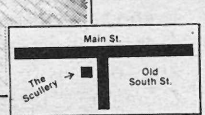
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Well, the media can work themselves into a frenzied orgasm of red, white and blue. And all the Reagan cowboys and gals can wave their flags until hell freezes over, but it won't change the picture. Uncle Sam isn't wearing the white hat as far as much of the world is concerned.

If I (and the Screen Actors' Guild) didn't know better, I'd swear that Reagan is a double agent. The things he's doing for international relations are enough to bring old Nikita sputtering and choking back from the grave with fits of hysterical glee.

Take nukes, for example. By forcing cruise missiles onto our NATO allies we've guaranteed them a maximum of internal harassment from their citizens. Each advancement in the nuke game has been produced by you and me (compliments of our tax dollars and our leadership). No European in his right mind wants to be the pawn fodder protecting Uncle Sam. They say, "Hell no, we won't glow." And when most of the people in New York City are saying the same thing about putting nuke subs in their harbor, who can blame the Europeans?

It isn't just nukes that show us for what we are, either. Uncle Sam is also in the terrorist business. They might be called "freedom fighters," but our allies know them for what they are. (And when the MX missile is called "The Peacekeeper" even we should be able to put two and two together to realize that 1984 Newspeak has found fertile ground in Ronald Reagan's glottis).

To listen to Reagan tell it, the United States is just two minutes away from being overrun by schizoid Sandinistas and their crazy Cuban advisors. A country with a population of less than 3 million, surrounded by neighbors who have superior firepower and a combined population five times at large, is going to crash across the Rio Grande and force us to quote Marx and eat tacos. Communist threat? Our Marines have been invading Nicaragua since before Communism was

even invented. You'd think no one would be stupid enough to swallow such cheap red bait. Our allies don't. Sandinista President Daniel Ortega Saavedra walked off with a cool \$400 millions after his tour through Europe.

What our allies think doesn't matter, though. Only what we think matters. Because we are the ones who are allowed to vote. And we are the ones who comes in three colors: Red ('Kill the commie bastards'); White ('Other nations should be grateful we're helping them'); and Blue ('How delightful; Exxon, United Fruit and Union Carbide have gone up 23 points apiece').

One would think we wouldn't have any allies left, wouldn't one? We've earned the disrespect of more allies than the number of times Ronald Reagan can fit the word "God" into one speech. But we keep these allies, most of them anyway, and I'd be willing to bet you know how we do it. I'll give you clues.

What could motivate men to destroy their own children's groundwater with pesticides?

What motivates companies to kill lakes with emissions from their smokestacks which form acid rain,

and what motivates people to work for t companies?

What motivates people to vote for politicians who promise them a few extra dollars in the form of a tax break when those same politicians are spending billions on graft-ridden defense contracts and running up deficits that could (and do) destroy those same people's social programs?

(Here's an easy one): What motivates a hooker to let a drooling drunken john violate her body?

(One more): It makes the world go round.

You guessed it.

We sold our votes but we can sit in front of 24" color TVs and drink Millers to the accompaniment of soothing reassurance. And our allies? They bought with open eyes. Caveat emptor. (E pluribus unum).

Chris

My father -- the doctor, of course -- was to present a paper on skin grafting at an Israeli hospital. So he packed up the family, wrote some of us off as a business expense, and there we were, three weeks after the Six Day War. We were driving along the front. The tour bus stopped outside an army depot. To the right of the depot was a display of munitions captured during the war. We all gathered around. Pushing through the crowd, a soldier was yelling in broken English, "no touch, no touch." But he was too late. One of the tourists had already picked up a land mine and seemed to be debating with his wife whether or not they could fit it into their suitcase. The soldier looked frightened. "No touch, no touch." The tourist jokingly apologized, bending to put it back. But the soldier became more excited. "No, no, don't put it down, wait," and he ran away. Nobody moved. The tourist, with fear frozen on his face, looked like he was going to explode first. He started to shake just as the soldier returned with the munitions officer in charge, who gingerly removed the mine from the tourist's sweaty clutches, spitting out in Hebrew what I assumed to mean, "I ought to leave this mushugana here to shit in his pants for a couple of hours."

During the ride back to the hotel, the hydraulic suspension and tinted windows of the bus failed to smoothe out the ride or glaze over our view of the scenery as they had earlier in the day. We knew what was out there. It was dangerous.

As we approached the outskirts of the city, I watched from the back of the bus as two dogs casually hopped over the wire to a restricted area, ignoring the "Danger Land Mines" signs. They ran and played with each other. The bus turned a corner; I still wait for the explosion.

Paul Sh

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TOW BAR

AT NO THEATRE

Spaulding Gray doesn't work in any predetermined genre. He's not a comic, he's not a lecturer, he's not a performance artist. I guess you'd call him a storyteller. He walks out in a plaid shirt with no fanfare whatsoever, sits down and begins. And he goes on for ninety minutes. Sounds untenable, huh? But it's not.

Gray's delivery is so casual, direct, sincere and well-spoken (I love the way real actors pronounce English) that you can't take your eyes off him. His tone changes constantly. He has you howling one minute and totally depressed the next. And then you'll be slack-jawed with amazement. And it's all as intimate as if it were only the two of you across a wobbly table in a saloon.

Storytelling has historically been a rural art, and part of what is fascinating about Gray stems from the fact that he is an urban practitioner. His is a highly civilized intelligence trying to come to terms with the contradictions in the very civilization that produced him. There is no artificial reversion to "simpler values" or anything like that. Quite the contrary: the more he thinks, the more complex everything gets.

Swimming To Cambodia concerns the filming of *The Killing Fields* on the coast of Thailand. Gray played the role of the American Ambassador's assistant. As part of a cinematic invading force, Gray is drawn back to an historical memory of the war. The superposition of military and media invasions produces all kinds of startling effects, and a number of troubling questions about the relationship between art and reality. Just as some soldiers never leave their war behind, Gray cannot easily leave the set. Krummville, NY just isn't going to be the same.

By demonstrating how heightened awareness and hard work and big star amenities can turn the head of an actor working on a major film, Gray is also telling us how soldiers can be caught up in the heightened adrenaline of war, so that ordinary life will be too dull for them forevermore. Gray's own absorption in filming is mirrored in the Marines at a California base where the camerawork is completed, singing Wagner (as in *Apocalypse Now*) while a flock of helicopters lands. Mirrored even in the far reaches of obsession: the Khmer Rouge throwing patients too sick to move out of hospital windows.

Gray manages to convey the impression that in exploring his own consciousness he is on a mission for us all. And this is why his ninety minutes go by so rapidly. He shows us that heroism and evil are not so far apart, and that we all have the capacity for both. Big work for a storyteller -- and keep 'em laughing too?

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Vinnie Van Gee

HIP HOP

BREAKING RECORDS

The Cult-Love (Sire)

I've been waiting for a record like this one for a long time. The name isn't the only thing this band changed when they dropped the "Southern Death," becoming, simply, The Cult. Clenched teeth and precise delivery have replaced reckless thrashing about. Guitarist William H. Duffy sends shivers down my spine, combining electric and acoustic with dramatic success. *Love* is LOUD even when it's turned down. Most metal heads would swallow this whole without realizing how much more sophisticated it is than the usual garbage they listen to. The Cult suggest equal parts Cream, Led Zep, Aerosmith and Blue Oyster Cult. Screaming Clapton-esque wah-wah a la "White Room," solos as lethal as anything B.O.C.'s Buck Dharma has ever dished out, and the sonic boom of Zep mesh into a frighteningly beautiful collection of psychedelic metal. If they tour the states soon and get a little AOR airplay they could be huge very soon.

Jim Neill

Aerosmith-Done With Mirrors (Geffen)

Not many people realize what a great band Aerosmith was before they started to break under the weight of success. Joe Perry left to form the occasionally coherent Joe Perry Project. Brad Whitford had a brief and uneventful stint with Ted Nugent guitarist Derek St. Holmes, and Steven Tyler tried to stand upright for more than five minutes at a time. Up until the *Draw The Line* LP, and on an occasional song here and there since then, Aerosmith recorded some satisfying and influential (listen to the new Replacements album) rock and roll. Well, this is the "long-awaited" reunion album. The first single from the album is a remake of an old Joe Perry song, "Let The Music Do The Talking." Perry's old band did it better. This is very tired Aerosmith. The first three songs on the LP are cluttered and mediocre attempts to recapture the gutsy magic of the *Rocks* album. Forget it. "The Reason a Dog" slows down and uses a synthesizer, achieving a certain hard prettiness but nowhere near as effectively as "Seasons of Whither" from *Get Your Wings* or "You See Me Cry" from the epic *Toys in the Attic*. The rest of the LP charges forward with little to do, pausing momentarily on "She's On Fire" for some decent acoustic slide. The band's purpose and bad boy charm has been replaced by a futilely nostalgic shell of what Aerosmith once was. I spent my high school years with these guys providing a good part of the soundtrack and it's sad to see them fall on their faces. This is all momentum and little meat. It must be done with mirrors because it certainly isn't done with any real conviction.

Jim Neill

The Rain Parade-Crashing Dream (Island)

The Rain Parade's first LP was a highly listenable and instantly loveable neo-psychedelic primer for acid rock fans as well as uninitiated newcomers. Every trick in the psychedelic hat was used somewhere or other on the album. It seemed as if you'd heard every song somewhere before. The second album, a five-track ep, marked the departure of Dave Roback and the arrival of a sparser, less innocent sound. A bad trip you might say, but beautiful in its own way. The live album was more or less a waste of time, but *Crashing Dream*, their third studio LP, finds The Rain Parade at their best. No longer do they rely on psychedelic clichés at every turn. They've grown up quite a bit and sound like a band with a direction and sound all their own. The music is more subtle, original, and elaborate than anything they've done before. Like a book that's impossible to put down, I stuck with this from the first song to the last, then filed it away knowing full well I'd be back for a second listen within an hour, and this time, with headphones, the richly textured layers of sound were downright hypnotizing. Nothing here is as easy as anything on the first album, but I doubt you'll tire of this one as quickly.

Jim Neill

Arms Akimbo-Arms Akimbo (Blue Rat Records)

Really inspired stuff. Produced by Don Dixon and sounding just as good as most of the stuff he's gotten his hands on (R.E.M. not least among them). One band member, Ted Selke, is a UMass graduate and former member of now defunct local combo Kasper Hauser. (Another ex-Kasper, Dave Wildman, heads Rapture of the Deep, who will soon be releasing *Under Quabbin*, produced by Neighborhood Dave Minnehan). The best track on the 5-song ep is cut one, side one, "Dominique", for which a video is being shot, according to Selke. Best bet would be to watch for it on the IRS Cutting Edge on MTV the last Sunday of every month. The next song, "The Voice," is equally infectious. The other three don't fare as well by comparison but are certainly not filler. An appearance at Pearl Street soon is likely. Write to: Blue Rat Records, 1044 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, GA 30309.

Jim Neill

Captain Sensible-Come On Down (A&M 12")

The man is obviously mad. Spoofing game shows ("Take the money / It's been a pleasure / Take the treasure / Just come on down"). Heavy metal guitars complete the joke. On the B side, "Beggars Can Be Choosers" has the Captain hiring a punk rocker for guitar, and rocks the house 24 hours a day, in scare-o-o. Next song "Like Margarine" slips into thrash guitar and hardcore chants, and the chant is "Suck The Rich." "The Ballad of Shula and Mark" -- part two of this epic tale is worth the price of the record alone.

Vinnie van Gee

Anne Clark-Pressure Points (10 Records)

Anne Clark, if you're not familiar with her, is a young poet with an elegant disdain for most of society, (or at least its laws, norms and male populace).

"A little less of what you want
And more of what you've got
Is enough to keep you struggling
Without hatching other plots"
("Power Game")

"Suicide is an urban disease
Spread by people in places like these
If the bombs and the fire don't instantly kill
Then the greed from the ashes certainly will"
("Self-Destruct")

"So this is where the future lies
In a beer-gut belly in an open fly"
("Wallies")

All beautiful poems that a few plucked lines cannot do justice to. Ms. Clark's previous LP, *Joined-Up Writing*, and her 12" singles *Our Darkness*, *Sleeper in Metropolis* and *Wallies* (all on Ink Records) have her orations backed with the techno-minimalistic but danceable music of David Harrow that always heightens the angst of the lyrics. On the new LP, *Pressure Points*, John Foxx does most of the music and all of the production. Unfortunately, Foxx has not only moved into the front seat, something Harrow would never do, but grabbed the steering wheel and veered off into the sludge of violins and the land of overproduction. I'm still moved by this voice despite the mixed-up mess that attempts to drown it.

Vinnie van Gee

Shop Assistants- (Subway Organization EP)

Fast-swirling guitars with that J&M Chainlike repetitive drumming on "All Day Long." Nico/Velvetish vocals incongruously matched with 100-mile-per-hour guitars with the feedback crawling up the backdrop on "Switzerland." "It's Up To You" is a chiming Salem 66-ish ballad. "All That Ever Mattered" -- primitive Ramones romp behind a riveting yet pretty voice. All making for far more than \$2.69 worth of music.

Vinnie van Gee

Woodentops-It Will Come (Rough Trade)

Woodentops' 4th single, this one with Swami Ananda Nagara (John Leckie?) on the knobs. Animal Jesus (Andy Partridge?) did numbers 2 and 3 with much the same result. Like all Woodentops' singles, it's great, and like all Woodentops' singles there is that sharp speed pop thrash of electronic repetitive rhythms played acoustically a la crazy rockabilly/jazz locomotive drummer bass line organ drone jingly-jangly ultra-treble tin guitars and breathless velvety vocals slipping from Allan Vega menace to false-sense-of-security harmony. Repeat: like all Woodentops' singles, it's great.

Vinnie van Gee

That Petrol Emotion-V2 (Dinoseanoise)

A building wall of (iggy) pop moving faster and faster. Fearless and unstoppable past The Stooges, way past The Undertones, past The Jesus and Mary Chain, yet still in control, past the end of the song... so you put it on again, and it works again. Not great, but hinting at greatness, and more than good enough to keep me interested and make me go out and get their next single. I'll keep you posted.

Vinnie van Gee

Primitons (Throbbing Lobster)

The first non-Boston band on the Lobster label and boy howdy do they sound good. Oh, and look -- Mitch Easter behind the production desk. Sounds like one of his best jobs to date. Primitons are from Alabama and really do sound more like themselves than the bands they can't help but suggest with their very catchy pop. A few of those are Easter's own Let's Active, The Windbreakers, and The dB's. One local college station called it "poppy guitar-based rock but not twee." "All My Friends" is the catchiest song, another one of those "would be a hit if they played it on the radio" cases. "Five Lines" maintains suppressed control, falls completely to bits and then erupts miraculously out of its own ashes with some unabashed power riffing. The guitar sound achieved on 3 or 4 songs on this record is simply smashing. Throbbing Lobster, after releasing what I considered some pretty mediocre records (i.e. Chain Link Fence's debut), is starting to really deliver some good music. Head Lob Chuck Warner is one of those people who can be counted on to provide material that allows us to declare our good taste. This disc improves with every listen.

Jim Neill

The Golden Palominos-Visions of Excess (Celluloid)

Gaspi! What a concept. An album by an imaginary band. A Marvel Team-Up of musicians. England did it with This Mortal Coil, an unofficial conglomeration of musicians from other bands united, occasionally, to record music that they have been aching to get out of them but which probably wouldn't work in the context of their home-team bands. A veritable Rock and Roll All-Star Team. Well, thanks to Anton Fier and Bill Laswell, America has The Golden Palominos. The first LP a few years ago had a more modest list of contributors and consisted largely of spasmodic white funk instrumentals. Then came the tasty cover of Moby Grape's "Omaha" as a single with R.E.M.'s Stipe on vocals, and now this. Do you want to hear Michael Stipe actually sing? Check out "Boy (Go)" with Richard Thompson on guitar, ex-dB Chris Stamey on background vocals, and a woman named Syd Straw, whom I've never heard of, enhancing the song with her gorgeous vocals. Remember Chrissy Hynde's devastating use of vibrato? Straw's got it down pat. Her voice also suggests Til Tuesday's Aimee Mann. She gets the driver's seat on "(Kind of) True," as moving a song as I've heard in a while. Jack Bruce revives a bit of Cream on "Silver Bullet," and Carla Bley contributes organ on "Buenos Aires." Even Johnny Lydon gets in on the action, making some Pistolish noise on "The Animal Speaks." It starts with a spirited belch and it's all uphill from there. This LP is occasionally brilliant if a bit patchy. The cast is different from track to track and some work well while others pretty much fail. Considering most of these people haven't worked together before, they come across surprisingly well as an organized unit. There's something here for nearly everyone, although the last track, "Only One Party" isn't for anyone. All the guests have left and Bill, Anton, Arto, and Jody Harris (who plays some impressive guitar elsewhere on the album) sound like they finished the wine in the bottom of everyone else's glasses and just trashed everything.

Regardless of the sour taste this song leaves in your mouth, college radio should be all over this album and WRSI just won't be able to resist Straw's "(Kind of) True." Usually when this many quality musicians get together it's for the benefit of starving babies, etc., and the line-up of musicians makes little sense. You get Stiv Bator on the same stage as Lionel Richie. In the case of The Golden Palominos, Fier and Laswell have chosen a winning team. I can't wait for another match-up.

Jim Neill

Yeah Yeah Noh- (In Tape)

The history of Yeah Yeah Noh goes like this: idiosyncratic sound of Buddy Holly-meets-The Fall, or, as they describe themselves, more decadent than Jerry and the Pacemakers and more hedonistic than The Dave Clark Five. Yeah Yeah Noh's first release, the brilliant *Cottage Industry EP*, remains their golden moment. Though they have continued to take cracks at political hobbyists, social arseholes and industrial machinations, "Cottage Industry," "Tommy Opposite" and "Bias Binding," all on the first EP, are the ones that stay with you because of their simplicity. These three, and their next two singles, "Beware The Weakling Lines" and "Prick Up Your Ears," are all available on their first LP, *When I Am A Big Girl*, which is logically enough the best place to start to get acquainted with YYN. If you like what you hear, then move on to their next release, *The Other Side of Mrs. Quill*, (12"), in which YYN vamp up their sound with surf swirls, distorted psychdelic twangs, and organ pipings. But it is the words coming on thick and fast in deadpan delivery that are most important. "Agreeable to look at for those that can stifle their irritation at the non-plot and non-characters... Mrs. Quill and Mr. Quill love each other birthdays and Christmas. It's the thought that counts. It's not what you give it's what you take, and in what amounts." Yeah Yeah Noh's next release, called *Cutting The Heavenly Lawn of Greatness... Last Rites For The God of Love*, contains the above-mentioned EP (so this should be your next purchase after *When I'm A Big Girl*). YYN's *Heavenly Lawn of Greatness* has its roots in the likes of Joe Orton, Mrs. Quill, Houdini, The Beatles, Elvis and a few bomb-makers, and anyone pompous that wouldn't admit it. The grass is mowed down, and few are spared. "Stealing in The Name of The Lord" chops Elvis down to size. In "The Crimplene Seed Lifestyle," Derek declares "Your lifestyle is on trial." "Starling Pillowcase" begins with the brilliant line of "Buchanan stands beside the table / On the table the clock and toaster / He lifts a hammer and smashes them to pieces / Why wake up to an empty day?" The songs that really work, though, are the simpler guitar and drum ones, like the more straightforward "Temple of Convenience," which brings us to YYN's latest release, *The Temple of Convenience EP*, which contains that song and more experimentation with cut-ups, Beatle-butcheries and whatnot. Personally I find every YYN release priceless, but recommend that beginners start with *Big Girl*, and if you get hooked on their offbeat social commentaries, then I'm sure you'll be back for more. "Cleanse my heart, give me the ability to rage correctly, prick up your ears."

Vinnie van Gee

The Adult Net- Edie (Beggar's Banquet)

Brix E. Smith, the only American in the Fall, continues her extra curricular activities with another American obsession, Edie Sedgwick (the last one, the psychedelic revival and a cover "Incense and Peppermints.") (Warren Beatty is working on the film, with Madonna starring. How the fleshy one will acquire the amphetamine outline, I don't know.) Edie, the song, is a rather silly tribute, "You died before I was seventeen, I remember your face from a picture in my dream, I read the print and I knew it was true, I had to be just like you." Lines such as "In the death seat of Warhol's car, it's a shame your life didn't go far. He's still here but where are you? I wish I had the time to know you." The B side, "Get Around," is an accoustic, hand-clapping, psychedelic romp that's better than fair. "Phantom Power" is "Get Around" electric with the vocals run in reverse. Enjoy while it's on the college air waves this month and save your money for Fall records.

Vinnie van Gee

Peter Murphy-Final Solution 12" (Beggar's Banquet)

Bauhaus always did cover songs that you wouldn't think they would ever do. "Final Solution", an old Pere Ubu song, is rocked up and over the heart of darkness and down the river of dance floors. Warning: slippery when wet.

Vinnie van Gee

Gee Mr. Tracy!-You Make My House Shine! (BACKS)

"You make my house shine
You make my bricks glow
The angels in the rafters
Wear berets and sunglasses
The rent man plays clarinet
The milkman leaves us vodka
You make my house shine
The doorbell plays Miles Davis
The biscuit tins are never empty"

Let me start at the beginning. I was born... No, not that far back, but I first heard of Gee Mr. Tracy on the Saturday morning puppet show *The Thunderbirds* about fifteen years ago. I next heard of Gee Mr. Tracy about three months ago on the *Good Morning Mr. Presley* compilation LP. GMT's song, "The Day The Shoes Bit Back," was good enough to lure me into risking two bucks on their latest and first 7", *You Make My House Shine*. I won. It's a great song that starts off with a dog barking in Japanese and builds up to the band's idea of heaven.

Vinnie van Gee

INDIAN MUSIC

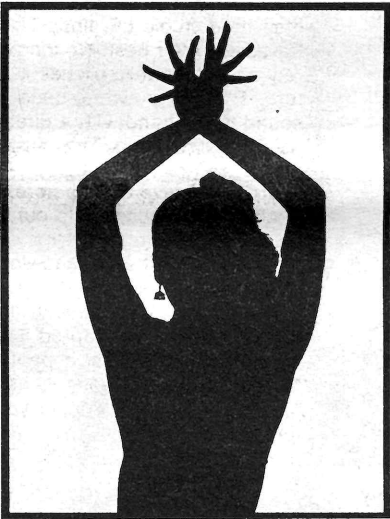
'India...India...I'm American HA HA HA...' Psychedelic Furs

Most of us only hear Indian music while dining in the at the India House, on State St. in Noho. But, the Indian influence on pop music began with Maharishy Blah Blah and the Beatles in '67 and Brian Jones' opiate sitar on Her Satanic Majesty's Request. Recent chart successes by Monsoon ('Ever So Lonely' and "Shakti"), Blancmange ('Living on the Ceiling') and Echo and the Bunnymen ('The Cutter') have opened the door for the Indipop label. Although it is based in London, the label has only Indian bands on its roster. Sheila Chandra, since leaving Monsoon, has released three solo LPs, *Out on My Own* (Indipop, 1984) is her finest effort, with clean dancefloor pop.

Ganges Orchestra, comprising some of the musicians who played with Monsoon, features an impressive array of traditional Indian instruments. They have a 12" single available on Indipop called "The Dream." The B-side, "Meditasian," lasts for 24 minutes and has effects similar to a hot tub with a cold martini.

More bands on the Indipop label include Risan, who have a single called, "Eastern Palace," that mixes funky dancefloor rhythms with classical Indian vocals and instruments. East-West are a ten piece band, seven Indian guys, an Indian woman and two English guys, that combine Motown-like soul and Indian classical. DSC are a three piece New Wave/Reggae/Indian band. Rasta Hindi, y'all. The Suns of Arqa mix hypnotic Indian meditations with funky African beats. Their trance dance cut, "Stepping Into The Music," is a fine blend. Other bands to watch for, Rahi, Dee Kathrecha, Sanjay and the Lamb Vindaloos.

Swami van Hassan Gee



THE MARC ELLIOT RECORD REVIEW

The Winans-Let My People Go (Quest 12")

Solid R&B also good for dance floor.

Vocals, music, as well as overall production are excellently put together as

The Winans approach the problem of Apartheid in South Afrika.

Artists United Against Apartheid-Sun City (Manhattan 12")

Some of America's greatest recording artists got together to put a smash single on wax and here it is. The group's name as well as the title give the theme of this powerful dance single.

Tamara & The Seen-Everybody Dance (A&M 12")

HOT, HOT, HOT DANCE MUSIC. I can realistically see this reaching the top 10 on R&B as well as dance music charts. Bass vocals are smooth and the music has a nice catch.

Caprice-100% (NIA 12")

Debut single by Caprice is quality rhythm and blues which is also nice on the dance floor.

Zapp IV U-Zapp (Warner Brothers)

Electro-Funk at its prime. The hit single released from Roger and Zapp Troutman's album entitled "It Really Doesn't Matter" is being played in clubs and on radio stations everywhere.

L.L. Cool J.-I Can't Live Without My Radio (Columbia 12")

As seen and heard in the movie *Krush Groove*, L.L. Cool J. "rock the house" once again. If you enjoyed their last release, "I Need A Beat," you will rock to this high-powered rap record.

Ready For The World-Digital Display (MCA 12")

Finally released 12" from the album. This is the first fast-paced dance record from RFTW and it keeps up their standard of good music.

Evelyn Champagne King-Your Personal Touch (RCA 12")

As expected, this is good R&B also good for dancing. Nice pulsating dance music endorsed by Evelyn's vocals equals a nicely compiled production.

Five Star-Let Me Be The One (RCA 12")

Released with the album version plus three hot remixes. For those of you who have been playing the version from the album, this is what you've been waiting for. Definitely keep an eye out for this one.

Morris Day-Color of Success (Warner Brothers)

Morris gave those of us who were fortunate enough to attend the Color of Success concert a good initial impression of his first musical efforts without The Time. This album possesses many catchy tunes good for the dance floor as well as the radio.

The Jets-The Jets (MCA)

This family of young teens ranging from the ages of 11 to 19 are probably one of the hottest groups to hit the record stores. The dance tunes are club quality, with the first single released entitled "Curiosity". The slow songs include a remake of "La La Means I Love You."

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DEC 8
CARL DIMATTEO

DEC 11
ERIC WOOD
as seen with Suzanne Vega

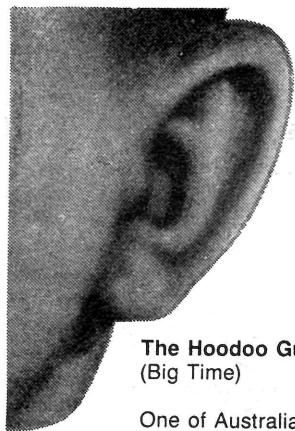
DEC 15
ALEX CHILTON

DEC 17
EMO PHILLIPS

Pres Speakers

"Completely touched by human hands."





THE LATEST FROM AUSTRALIA

The Hoodoo Gurus-Mars Needs Guitars
(Big Time)

One of Australia's more animated bands (if you discount AC/DC) is the Hoodoo Gurus, and I'm not just saying this because of their cartooned record sleeves. The Gurus don't seem to be as wound up in their Australianess as do, for example, Midnight Oil, who are generally pretty pissed off about one thing or another. The Gurus are not terribly political, to say the least. They might as well be from Delaware in terms of how much "place" plays a part in their music. They don't have that indescribable Australian flavor in their music that most bands from the continent do. They really do sound American. I'm not going to make an issue out of this, because it really isn't one, but I feel it is a valid observation. Regardless, your entertainment dollar is pretty safely spent on these guys. Although not as instantly loveable as their debut, *Stoneage Romeos*, *Mars Needs Guitars* is hardly a disappointment. Back on the Big Time label after an unrewarding (businesswise) stint with A&M Records, the Gurus charge forward with more of that highly infectious pop and a flare for the occasional well-placed sock in the belly... I've already drooled all over the single "Bittersweet" in these pages, so suffice it to say that the saliva is still being secreted. "Death Defying" is in the tradition of last year's slow romantic sing-along "My Girl." There are several all-out, string-snapping, crash and bash, trademark Hoodoo Guru chants. A country and western ditty, and a couple of heartrending ballads all add up to a noble effort for a second LP; the hardest for any band who've experienced some success to make. This one's fine but the third will be the test.

Jim Neill

The Screaming Tribesmen-Date With a Vampyre (What Goes On)

The Tribesmen's second U.S. release features the debut of producer, guitarist, pianist and vocalist Chris Masuak, previously with the near-legendary Radio Birdman who, along with The Saints and others constituted the first Australian punk invasion. Chris has brought on a drastic change in the band. These four songs are much more polished and less aggressive than the previous singles collection *Move A Little Closer*, which was lowdown mean and ugly. Only on "High Time" does it sound even remotely like the same band and even there the guitar solo has Thin Lizzy/Motorhead guitarist Brian Robertson's name written all over it. "2 Blind Mice" sounds like mellow fellow Aussies The Church. Nothing here demands as much attention as the earlier disc. It borders on wimpy; the last word I thought I'd ever apply to these guys after hearing the single "Igloo". Where's the beef?

Jim Neill

The Died Pretty-Next To Nothing (What Goes On)

This is flesh and blood cut into wax. The Pretty's US debut earlier this year was less meandering and controlled than the succinct, anchored sound of *Next To Nothing*. "Desperate Hours," at eight minutes, is an aptly titled track with an uneasy, disturbing edge to it. The guitar chorus is slowly, quietly and carefully very powerful. "Final Twist" is an emotional acoustic guitar excursion that sounds like it was aching to be written and painful to record. The guitar at the end is straight out of Rod Stewart's "Maggie May." "Ambergris" is powered by haunting organ, heartfelt vocals, and lush instrumentation. Like The Doors, whom they occasionally recall, The Died Pretty sneak slowly into a song and, when you least expect it, explode. All four songs are rather different from one another, but the overall effect is unified and rather moving. These guys are talented, serious, and deserve a listen.

Jim Neill

WILDER WAX FROM SAKAMOTO TO SAKAMOTO



I think it was somewhere around 1962 that KYU SAKAMOTO (who died in an airplane crash earlier this year) had the only hit record ("Sukiyaki") in America by a Japanese artist. Although Japanese headbands and Rising Sun T-shirts were in vogue last year, Japanese music hasn't played through a transistor radio or Sony Walkman to more than a handful of solid state U.S. citizens. The Beatles were big in Japan, but like Elvis, were a success just about anywhere. KISS, CHEAP TRICK, JOAN JETT, Rockabilly, Punk, MICHAEL JACKSON, Hardcore, and Heavy Metal all have been smashing successes there. Why hasn't Japanese pop music become as commonplace on these shores as sushi, Sony, and Subaru? You can't blame it on the language barrier. Though BILLY SQUIRER has a tough time writing in English, the best of Japan's modern musicians are recorded in English and Japanese. The YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA at one point or another have sung in Italian, German, and French, although the majority of their compositions are in English or Japanese.

My belief is that American record companies are either racist/nationalistic or believe the American record consumer couldn't possibly want to hear anything by anyone who isn't from the U.S., Australia, Canada or the U.K., the only exceptions being the occasional novelty record like "Je t'aime," "Der Kommisar," and "La Bamba". The usual channel for foreign music to break into the American markets is through dance clubs or college radio. This avenue still exists for British, French, African, or say German records,

but is no longer a viable place for exposure for the Japanese. Whereas British or German records are still affordable as imports to the club or college radio disc jockey, due to the balance of trade war the U.S. is conducting with our post-Pearl Harbor allies, 12" singles are in the \$9 range and LP's from Japan go for \$19.

So the people who once took a chance on an IPPUDU 45 are going to buy two records by artists on cheaper labels. No college or club exposure, no signing a major label distribution deal for the U.S. It doesn't matter one iota that the latest collaboration between RIUCHI SAKAMOTO and THOMAS DOLBY, "Fieldwork", is a masterpiece of electronic dance-pop. No one besides the Japanese and WMUA Wednesday Noon-to-3p.m. listeners will ever know it. ABC may have the #13 album in the U.S., but is anyone going to shell out \$24 for Y.M.O.'s double LP *After Service* to see what Martin Fry's drummer, David Palmer, is up to in the East? Does Warner or Polydor care if MASAMI TSUCHIYA was the guitarist for DURAN₂ on their latest tour? Do the people who marketed *Beat Street* care that the Y.M.O. are one of AFRIKA BAMBAATA's favorite bands? The rest of this article is for those who believe that great music is priceless whether it's made in the U.S. or made in Japan.

After KYO SAKAMOTO's tune "Sukiyaki" (covered by TASTE OF HONEY a few years ago) the next encounter with Pop Japanese culture was with the SADISTIC MIKA BAND. They were your average rock band, except they were from the orient. That was circa 1973. Had they come onto the scene in '85 with a video they might be selling like Motley Crue. The next commercial failure from Japan to arrive in vinyl form was the PLASTICS. I can't give a complete description of what they were like since I could never find any of their albums. I did manage to hear one electric-rock song of theirs that found its way onto a *New Musical Express* compilation cassette in 1979.

The same year A&M Records gave Y.M.O. a three-album U.S. contract. It appears that it will be the only one ever to be given to a recording act from the land of the rising sun. The first LP was simply entitled *Yellow Magic Orchestra*. In 1980 they released *Multiples*, which included a cover of "Day Tripper" (The BEATLES were a big influence on the George Harrison look-alike Yukihiro Takahashi). *BGM*, which was head of its time for the recognition of the rap scene on the track "Rap Phenomenon," came out in 1981, and A&M released a 12" single "Cue" hoping to appeal to the dance club market. A&M were never known to promote new acts heavily, and to my knowledge not one song of any of their three U.S. albums ever got added to any American commercial radio station playlist. The magic trio of YUKIHIRO TAKAHASHI (6 solo LP's) on drums, guitars, keyboards and vocals, RIUCHI SAKAMOTO (4 solo LP's) on piano, keyboards and vocals, and HARUOMI HOSONO (3 solo LP's) on bass, keyboards and vocals, comprise this orchestra.

Despite being without an American record deal, Y.M.O. continued to create and progress. *Technodelic* (1981) on Y.E.N. Records featured the standout tracks "Light in Darkness," "Key" and "Seoul Music." What a sense of humor! You should hear Y.M.O.'s version of Archie Bell and the Drells' "Tighten Up." America may not know Japanese pop culture, but these guys are as hip as they come and know American culture like the back of their baseball cards. They've covered songs by the SUPREMES, BRYAN FERRY, NEIL YOUNG and of course THE BEATLES, as well as dropping references to JAMES BROWN and MONTY PYTHON. On their very first LP you had to realize they had a sophisticated wit as they featured "La Femme Chinoise," a song about a Chinese woman sung in French by a Japanese band. The rest of their brilliant catalogue is *Naughty Boys* (1983), *Service* (1984) and *After Service* (1984). I suspect the band is either on hold or broken up because their recent projects are all on different labels -- HOSONO's *Midi* and SAKAMOTO's *Esperanto* (with ARTO LINDSAY on guitar) on CBS-Sony, and YUKIHIRO TAKAHASHI's *Wild & Moody* (with Bill Nelson on flying E-Bow guitar) on Cocteau Records. TAKAHASHI may be the exception, receiving some college radio airplay in the U.S. because Cocteau is a British label. Some of the guest stars on their LP's have included MICK KARN, STEVE JANSEN and RICHARD BARBERI (all of the British band coincidentally called JAPAN), ADRIAN BELEW, ROBIN THOMPSON, ROBIN SCOTT (of M -- "Pop Music") and PERCY JONES. HIDEKI MATSUTAKE figures prominently in modern Japanese music as computer programmer for such bands as SANDY & THE SUNSETZ (with guest vocalist DAVID SYLVIAN), Y.M.O. and IPPUDU. The other most common figure in Japanese pop music is PETER BARAKAN, who not only anglicizes lyrics for most of these bands but also co-writes many of the songs. AKIKO YANO has many albums to her credit, one of which features SYLVIAN's JAPAN and all of Y.M.O. as the studio band. She often sounds much like KATE BUSH. Since I mentioned KATE, let's mention the Anglo-German LP *Figures* by ZAINE GRIFF which features KATE, Mr. TAKAHASHI and BILL NELSON.

Another recent-to-emerge Japanese musician is HAJIME TACHIBANA, who has recorded an LP on the small independent U.S. label Ralph Records. I recommend, however, searching out his futuristic interpretation of James Brown entitled "Replicant J.B.," a 12" 45 on Midi Records produced by Takahashi.

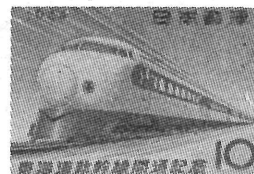
I would be remiss to end this article without touching on the instruments. Before DURAN DURAN and TALK TALK had huge international hits using Simmons drums and Jupiter-8 synthesizers, Y.M.O. and IPPUDU wrote the book on the subject (co-authored of course with KRAFTWERK). There is a regressive prejudice present in many critics and fans alike towards electronic instruments (unless of course their favorite musician uses them -- it's o.k. for BO DIDDLEY to build customized effects into his guitar or for DIRE STRAITS to use emulators and other recording tricks). MXR blue boxes, Mutron Bi-Phasers, Roland Jupiter-8's, Cry Babies, ARPs, Linn drums, Yamaha Analog Delays, sequential circuit programmers, stereo flangers, etc., are all mastered in the art of sound creation by these musicians and used along with traditional instruments such as flugelhorn, Gibson Les Pauls and Fender Stratocaster guitars, marimbas, saxophones, pianos, drums, bass guitars, and Fender Rhodes Organs. And they're multi-lingual as well. Yet I still run across your stick-in-the-mud D.J.'s on supposedly progressive radio stations who say these are not "real" musicians. Maybe they meant to say "they are real geniuses." Whatever they are, all I know is what the British band Vicious Pink Phenomena sing in "My Private Tokyo": "...I like to listen to the Y.M.O."

Next month back to the always internationally oriented Wilder Wax Watch.

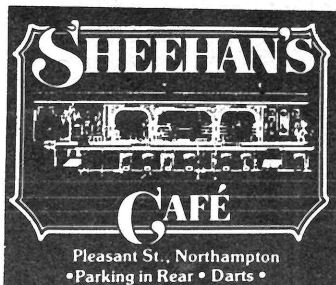
With an eye to the horizon

And an ear for the rising sun,

Ben Wilder



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- ✓Patti Austin-Honey for the Bees
- ✓L.L. Cool J.-I Like My Radio
- ✓Taka Boom-Middle of the Night
- ✓Stevie Wonder-Go Home
- ✓Rosie Gaines-Skoolology
- ✓Five Star-Let Me Be The One
- ✓Concept-Mr. D.J.

VINNIE VAN GEE

•THE MORNING EAR

- ✓Apartments-Evening Comes (LP)
- ✓Nightingales-What a Carry On (EP)
- ✓Fine Young Cannibals-FYC (LP)
- ✓House Martins-Flag Day (EP)
- ✓Eighth Route Army-Outside My Window (7")
- ✓Jazz Butcher- (Anything and everything)
- ✓Eyeless in Gaza-Welcome Now (12")
- ✓June Brides-Every Conversation (7")

•THE EVENING EAR

- ✓3 Johns-Brain Box (7")
- ✓Eighth Route Army-Nihilist Olympics (LP)
- ✓Flower Pot Men-Walk On Gilded Splinters (12")
- ✓Dead Can Dance-Spleen and Ideal (LP)
- ✓Bamboo Steamers-Mary Carney (7")
- ✓Richard Lloyd-Field of Fire (LP)
- ✓Cocteau Twins-Tiny Dynamite (EP)
- ✓Xmal Deutschland-Sequenz (12")

JIM NEILL

•TERP TEN

- ✓The Rain Parade-Crashing Dream
- ✓The Died Pretty-Next to Nothing
- ✓The Primitones-The Primitones
- ✓The Nomads-She Pays the Rent
- ✓The Replacements-Tim
- ✓Thin White Rope-Exploring the Axis
- ✓Jazz Butcher-The Gift of Music
- ✓The Golden Palominos-Vision Excess
- ✓Arms Akimbo-Arms Akimbo
- ✓Steven Wright-I Have A Pony

SIDE WALK SAM

•THE STREET BEAT

- ✓Colonel Abrams-Trapped
- ✓Cherelle-You Look Good To Me
- ✓Aretha Franklin-Who's Zoomin Who?
- ✓Stevie Wonder-Part Time Lover
- ✓Bernard Wright-Who Do You Love?
- ✓Eddie Murphy-Party All the Time
- ✓Kate Bush-Cloudbursting
- ✓Paul Young-I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down
- ✓Jane Siberry-Extra Execatives
- ✓Eldebarge with Debarge-You Wear It Well (Club Mix)

PETER THOMSON

•LEFTOVERS

- ✓Artists United Against Apartheid-Sun City
- ✓Billy Bragg-Days Like These
- ✓Billy Bragg-There Is Power in a Union
- ✓Phil Ochs-I Ain't A-Marching Anymore
- ✓Ruben Blades-Escenas
- ✓Chumbswambu-Revolution
- ✓Robert Wyatt & SWAPO Singers-The Winds of Change/Namibia
- ✓Microdisney-We Hate You South African Bastards
- ✓Sly & Robbie-Language Barrier
- ✓Celluloid Trilogy-New Africa 2/Hard Cell/Greatest eats

MARC ELLIOT

TOP 20 SINGLES

- ✓Stevie Wonder-Part Time Lover
- ✓Aretha Franklin-Who's Zoomin Who?
- ✓Tamara & The Seen-Everybody Dance
- ✓Isley Jasper Isley-Caravan of Love
- ✓Chaka Khan-Krush Groove
- ✓Maurice White-Stand By Me
- ✓Sheila E.-A Love Bizarre
- ✓Doug E. Fresh-The Show
- ✓Tramaine-Fall Down
- ✓Eugene Wild-Don't Say No
- ✓System-This Is For You
- ✓Princess-Say I'm Your #1
- ✓The Jetts-Curiosity
- ✓New Edition-Count Me Out
- ✓Vikki Love-Stop Playing On Me
- ✓Whitney Houston-Thinking About You
- ✓Comeo-Single Life
- ✓Cherrel-You Look Good To Me
- ✓Bernard Wright-Who Do You Love
- ✓al Young-Seduction

AFRICAN MUSIC

omu'du na-imbula

(the) slave and he unties

embuzi ku mu-gwa,

na-gi-twala ku

the goat from the cord, and he it takes to

'tale, (the) pasture,



FELA!

To say that African music has had a great effect on the music of this hemisphere is an understatement of grand proportions. Every kind of music which is thought of as truly "American" has a direct lineage back to Africa: Rock & Roll, jazz and country music all have their roots in the blues, which in turn was derived from the various musical and rhythmic heritages of West Africa which crossed the Atlantic in the holds of slave ships.

Recently, however, contemporary African influences have made a more direct contribution to American and English popular music. First through "experimental" artists such as Peter Gabriel, and later through mega-bands such as The Talking Heads and The Police, African sounds began to find their way into US record stores and radio stations. Now, finally, music by Africans is beginning to find commercial backing and an increasingly large audience in this country. What follows is a quick run-through of some of the African exports which have recently made their way to this corner of the world.

King Sunny Ade made the first big splash here a few years ago with *JuJu Music*, his first US release after a hundred or so in his native Nigeria. Sporting the clean, crisp production which is so appealing to people in this clean, crisp country, and backed by Warner Brothers and an extended tour with his 20 + -piece band, Sunny Ade was able to establish a niche for himself in the US market which has lasted over the course of three records.

To talk about contemporary African music, though (which is really as absurd as talking about contemporary Eurasian music), one really should start with Fela. And starting from Fela immediately brings us from Nigeria back to the US, because one of Fela's main influences was a kick in the musical pants from the good foot of James Brown. Fifteen or so years ago Fela came to the US, heard James Brown, took his proto-funk percussive techniques, horn charts and thumpin-soul vocal style back to Nigeria, combined them with indigenous rhythmic and melodic forms, and emerged with a new musical cross-breed of pure and refined African styles, embodied in his band, The Africa 70. Over the last fifteen years, Fela Ransome Kuti, now known as Fela Anikulapu Kuti, along with his band, now known as The Egypt 80, has become one of the most popular musicians in Africa, and has remained at the forefront of both Nigerian music and politics. With his unswerving advocacy of African unity, economic independence and government by and for the people, he has run afoul of successive Nigerian governments, being imprisoned and beaten several times. At present he is serving a 5-year sentence for supposed "currency violations," arrested while on his way to tour the US for the first time. Before going to jail, however, Fela signed with

New York's Celluloid Records and recorded the basic tracks for his album, *Army Arrangement*. Filled out and remixed by Celluloid's main man and Afro-Urban-Avant-Fusion pioneer Bill Laswell (whose production credits include Herbie Hancock's *Rockit*, Nona Hendryx's *Busting Out* and Yoko Ono's new LP), *Army Arrangement* was released in the US last summer. In its overall content, it is just another step down Fela's long-travelled but always interesting musical road, but, in the slickness of its production and the tightness of its musicianship, *Army Arrangement* is leaps and bounds beyond his gobs of earlier recordings. It is an astounding record, in which the prison-bound Fela continues his broadside attacks on the foreign domination of African countries, and on yet another in a series of corrupt Nigerian governments.

Cellulod, in fact, under the guiding hand of musical gene-splicer Laswell, has a whole collection of culture-crossing albums from other West African and West African-derived bands. Toure Kunda, three Senegalese brothers living in Paris, combine traditional music from the Casamance region of their home country with Western rock and reggae forms. The latest of their three Celluloid albums is *Amadou Tilo*, but a good introduction and better overview of their music can be found on Celluloid's *New Africa* compilation, which also contains Fela's "Government Chicken Boy," "Harima" by the Gambian-based Mandingo (featuring Herbie Hancock) and a 12" single by Minu Dibungo called "Able Dance." Dibungo, who scored an early 70's top 40 hit in the US with Herbie Hancock's "Soul Makossa," has also recently released an album on Celluloid, the electro-funk-jazz masterpiece "Electric Africa." As might be expected, it features contributions from Hancock and Laswell.

Another Laswell-Dibungo collaboration can be found on Deadline's *Down By Law* on, you guessed it, Celluloid Records. The LP as a whole is mixed, and Dibungo appears on only two of its five cuts, but the opening song, "Afro Beat," is a killer. Closing out the book, for now, on Dibungo, Hancock and Laswell, is the new album by Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. *Language Barrier*, on -- surprise -- Island Records, is a sizzling dub-funk-spunk-junk record which also features Miles Davis, Afrika Bambaata and Mr. Africa himself, Bob Dylan. And check out the cover photo of Sly and Robbie. Pow.

Also in the island records camp, on its Mungo label, is a 6-song collection of music from French-speaking West Africa. Featuring bands from Cameroon, the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Zaire, Senegal and the Congo, *Sound D'Afrique* is a primer in modern West African sounds ranging from Juju to transplanted neo-calypto.

Very little South African black music has been allowed to escape the iron

fist of Apartheid, but one group has recently been given a special dispensation to play and record outside of the country. The Malopoets' *Song Of The Earth*, recently released on EMI, is calculated to appeal to US pop tastes, but much of it is also based on indigenous Black South African music, and it does give some valuable glimpses into the barren "tribal homelands" where most of South Africa's 17 million Blacks are forced to live, and demonstrates that despite the relentless political, cultural and economic oppression by the White minority government, Black South African culture continues to grow and develop. There is little in the way of overt politics on this record, but this isn't surprising since the band's families all remain inside the country, and the band members probably plan to return to their country before Apartheid loses its grip altogether. Compromises with oppressive powers must sometimes be made; here is one compromise which works well for the party which at this point has the weaker hand.

A couple of records which don't emanate directly from South Africa, in fact not from Africa at all, but which contain a lot of overt politics dealing with South Africa, along with a lot of damn good music, are the *Sun City* album from Artists United Against Apartheid, and the "Wind of Change"/"Namibia" single from Robert Wyatt and the SWAPO singers. *Sun City* is a consciousness- and fund-raising effort directed toward the destruction of the Apartheid system of institutionalized racism which, in both its political and musical content, goes light years beyond the self-righteous and self-serving "feed the world" benefit records of the last year. With contributions from a range of pop and not-so-pop musicians, including Gil Scott Heron, Miles Davis, The Malopoets, Pete Townshend, Peter Gabriel, RUN DMC, Bonnie Raitt and Nona Hendryx, *Sun City* is both a musical and political triumph which unites musicians from a range of styles and countries in pointing the (middle) finger at Apartheid, its supporters in Washington, and the less official but still ever-present racism in the US.

"The Wind of Change" and "Namibia" by Robert Wyatt and the South West African People's Organization singers is another solidarity effort which succeeds both politically and musically. South West Africa, or Namibia, has been illegally occupied by South Africa for 25 years. This single aims at helping to bring that occupation to a swift and total halt and, indirectly, at the destruction of the Apartheid system in general. Based on two traditional Namibian tunes, the songs are tributes to the strength and endurance of the Namibian people in the face of a neo-fascist occupation.

Both these last records also contain valuable informational inserts. Buy them first, then check out the rest, the world is both bigger and smaller than you think.

Peter Thomson



COWBOY

JOHN HAMMOND AND JOHN LEE HOOKER

AT PEARL STREET

DUKE ROBILLARD AND THE PLEASURE KINGS

AT THE RED BALLOON

A night of blues frenzy, starting at Pearl Street for John Hammond's opening set. If we're not good on this earth, for punishment we might come back as one of Hammond's guitars, a great collection of wood and steel acoustics dragged up on stage and absolutely mauled. With harmonica and heavy left foot, Hammond is a one-man band, barking out blues standards with what you might call casual fury, and captivating a crowd psyched for electric music. Despite the fact that he plays mainly on the folk-blues circuit, Hammond has the enough presence to tame a barroom any night, as he did at Pearl Street.

Then into the car and five minutes out to The Red Balloon, where Rhode Island blues great Duke Robillard was addressing a sadly empty house -- we might certainly wish for more co-operation among clubowners, mightn't we? Strange to think that while John Lee Hooker reaps the rewards of his long career, a guy in his prime like the Duke is still battling it out on the long three-piece road in a Dodge Tradesman 300. But that, of course, is the blues.

Robillard, first known as the front man for Roomful of Blues, has lost a great

deal of weight, and now looks like a rockabilly star with his 1950's ja and villain moustache. Seamless lead player, reverb addict and pure Fenn specimen, Robillard sounds twice as good as he did in the old days. seems like one of those guys born with a guitar attached. Wildcat O'Hall reported that after we left the Duke was doing some *serious* tooth-pick and playing behind his head. His singing is in peak form, and he gets vo assistance from bassist Thomas Enright, a slight man with an enorm voice. Duke and the Pleasure Kings served up a mixture of standa "Highway Back Home") and originals, many from their new Rounder alb *Too Hot To Handle*. Songs like "Thinkin' Bout You Baby" reveal a fun side of Robillard's work, powerful R&B stuff. On the verge of a Texas t and another trip to Europe, where (like so many American blues/R&B ac they are more popular than at home, Robillard and the band are doing w Definitely recommended when they next come through -- especially in t wood-paneled acoustics of The Red Balloon.

Quick dash back to Pearl Street for The Hook. After a rather weary pearance about a year and a half ago at the Rusty Nail, Hooker, we're gl to report, is back in top form. The Coast To Coast Blues Band is nothi short of sensational. Hooker used to tour alone and use pick-up bands li Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry, but he gave up that practice after he link up with Coast To Coast, who also tour extensively on their own.

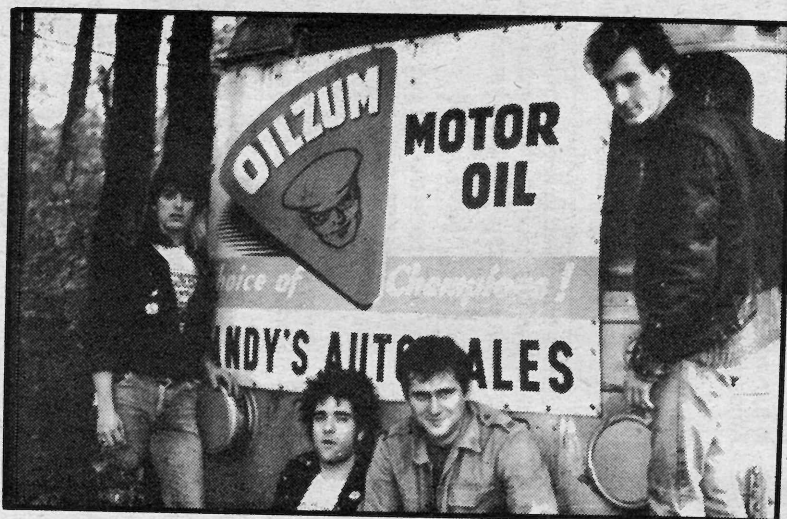
Hooker's strategy hasn't changed in many years. He does three basic son in rotation -- the slow one, the shuffle and the boogie. He spends most the night sitting down in a chair at center stage, playing guitar, but for th climactic boogie he *stands up* and by that time in the show this simple fe of strength always drives the crowd out of its mind. He then proceeds walk up and down the front of the stage assuring everyone that he know how to rock, he knows how to boogie, because he is the king of the boogi and so on. He works the crowd like a politician running for re-election, shakin hands, reiterating his boastful speech, and all but kissing babies and eatin blintzes and calzones. Too bad they haven't yet invented the office he's run ning for (Selectman of the Blues?), but when they do, he's got my vote

A special plus at Pearl Street was the between-sets DJing of WMUA blue personalities Blue Bill Stepchew and Lisa Danforth, both of whom deserv a good deal of credit for the success of recent blues shows in the area. Befor WMUA's incredibly popular blues programming of the past couple of years this stuff was nowhere to be heard on the airways. Thanks to Bill and Lisa thousands of people have been gotten to know this fundamental America music. It was great to have them spinning...

Dr. Sa



TOW BAR



EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY

RECORD RELEASE PARTY AT ZONE

I could lie and pretend I saw the opening bands for this show, What Now and Project Adventure, but not being a real music critic, merely an alias with ears, I have the luxury of admitting that it took longer than I thought to get my eye makeup together for this big event, so that I arrived just a minute or two before the Army took the stage. At one point, looking at the fabulous posters, tee shirts and records for sale at the front table, I shook my head and wondered if the band could really be worth all the promotional attention they've received. But then it hit me that it really *is* sort of a big deal for a local band to release a record that has a chance of getting somewhere in that big greasy world beyond the Valley. We're always moaning that we're overtalented around here, and lamenting the fact that somehow none of it ever reaches the outside world. So a little voice said to me, "Shut up, Kit, and have a good time."

Oddly enough, that is exactly what happened. Eighth Route Army played long and well. If you own a complete run of OH NO! NOHO! (you should -- they're still available -- contact the publishers) you can see how early reviews of this band scoffed at their crudeness and monotony; and then gradually got more positive. There is no doubt that the Army are the most improved band we've seen. They obviously worked like maniacs to make their slick LP (see review in October issue), and in so doing have not neglected their live work. Except for one or two glitches (attributable to a nerve-wracking but momentary p.a. failure), they were tight as hell. All their songs seem to exist in two-minute performance versions, and this gives their set a varied feeling -- anything but monotonous.

Johnny Zhivago has matured into a real entertainer by now. He has good theatrical instincts, and his wild-eyed mugging does wonders to reinforce the band's futuristic pretensions. His idiosyncratic moves -- variations on running back and forth in a straight line from the drums to center stage -- actually work. When the whole bands starts running around in circles, there is a swell feeling of genuine chaos. As for the sound, it's easy to forget that underneath Johnny's routines and the bright lights and digital delay and costume changes, Eighth Route Army is really just your basic power trio of guitar, bass and drums. This means that the total sound of the band is dependent on the guitar more than anything else. Mark's playing has become incredibly versatile and stylish. It takes a few songs for this to dawn on a listener, but it's true. He really can play rhythm and lead and back into rhythm without missing a stroke. He can handle jazzy leads as well as rock strafings.

The band went on about an hour -- which is a lot of two-minute songs -- and then were called back repeatedly by the crowd-inflaming efforts of Zone Chief Brendhan

Stecchini, to the point where I wondered if they were going to run out of material and do "Iguana Head" a second time. Amazingly, they never did. Instead, they dredged up "House of the Rising Sun..."

This was a great party, Zone at its best, as packed as we've ever seen it, a cordial dancing crowd that lent credibility to the assertion that this was in some way or another a big deal after all.

Kit Litter

ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND THE EGYPTIANS
O-POSITIVE

AT THE PARADISE

There was a full house at the Paradise for Robyn's second appearance in the area in four months. The Egyptians sounded tighter this time around, and Robyn was in a much more hospitable mood. The set was similar to last July's show at Swift's except that the songs were clearly more rehearsed. The band (which is 3/4 Soft Boys) work together like they've been doing it for years. The set included 4 old Soft Boy favorites ("Kingdom of Love," "Only The Stones Remain," "Brenda's Iron Sledge" and "Where Are The Prawns"), a number of tracks from *Fegmania* -- "The Cars She Used To Drive," "My Wife and My Dead Wife," "Another Bubble," "Pretty Girl," (in which Hitchcock wishes he was one so that he could be more thoroughly entertained when showering), "Egyptian Cream," the single "Heaven" and "The Man with the Lightbulb Head," for which there is a video which MTV does not air though they did mention the show at the Paradise as the first date on this tour. It's odd how MTV will include items on the music news that must baffle at least 90% of their audience, as this is the only place such names will turn up on the channel. God forbid they should air actual videos by these artists. Even at 4AM we're pummeled with ZZ Top and Corey Hart. I know. I stayed up one night to check.

The set continued with the as yet unrecorded gem "I Know You're Out There," and some Hitchcock standards -- "Listening to the Higsons" (from which the title of the live LP *Gotta Let This Hen Out* originates), "I Often Dream of Trains" (from the solo album of the same name), and his observations on our country ("America") from the shores of his native England. The show was just over an hour long, far shorter than everyone had hoped. The band concluded with their standard outro, "Goodnight" from *Fegmania*, and all went home elated. I could've stayed all night.

Opening was Boston's O-Positive who, though rumored to have a bit more umph at one time, have fallen victim to the all-too-familiar R.E.M. soundalike syndrome. After seeing Miracle Legion and now these guys, my tolerance for Michael Stipe poseurs is just about spent. One more and I lose my lunch. The culprit lead singer in the case of O-Positive is an old college DJ from WZBC in Boston. Some people should just keep playing other people's records without succumbing to the urge to make their own. The band's first album is out on the Throbbing Lobster label, but what the hell? Who told all these people they should start bands? Things are getting way out of hand. Let's have some quality control here. Despite my criticism, the crowd was highly receptive as O-Positive worked their way through a lengthy set of originals and a decent cover of The Left Banke's "Walk Away Renee." I guess Boston takes care of its own. I get the feeling most cities with any kind of music scene have their version of O-Positive, but at this point I don't see much of a need for any of them to leave their hometowns.

Warning: Should you ever go to the Paradise be forewarned that there are stairs in odd places all over the club. If you don't watch your step you'll end up on your nose. Otherwise, the club is a great place for live music.

Jim Neill

ON DECK

Throwing Muses

One more listen and a sixpack later had me convinced that the reason Throwing Muses left Newport, R.I. for Cambridge, Mass. somehow involved the madcap antics of the fun-loving Von Bulow family. Since R.I. (a state known for peculiar colored poultry) is so small, the Muses most likely practiced within earshot of the Von Bulows. Or so I figured.

Throwing Muses (3 women, 1 man) create captivating, unconventional pop sounds that invite comparisons ranging from The Violent Femmes to The Slits and Patsy Cline. Styles change gears from one song to the next on this 10-song cassette. The vocal delivery on "Call Me" hints at an old Underones LP, while the next tune, "Sinkhole", is a hoedown knee-slapper straight from Hee-Haw. "Fear" is phrased like an old Devo tune.

Although they've only recently gone public, Kristin Hersh (vocals, guitar, blue hair) and Tanya Donnelly (vocals, guitar, keys, noise toys) have been writing quirky songs together since they were 14. They recently acquired the experienced bassist Leslie Langston (she did punk, funk, acid rock, lots of reggae) and drummer David Narcizo (previously in a marching band) who hold together this buffet of ideas in a ziplock bag. This kind of combination entices critics, (judging by their press kit it has). Similar reasoning never gave Mission of Burma (even the live LP) a negative review in their life.

The Muses' stripped-down sound layers various harmonies over a "marching snare" background with enough guitar and bass to pin it all down. Throw in a few oddball chord and tempo changes and, for reasons unknown to me, it works.

This cassette also hints strongly at what their live show sounds like, and if the zany Von Bulows' experience is any indication, it should be a killer.

Long Jon



Pat On The Back - P.O.T.B.

What can you say about a truly original band, other than, they're great. It's hard to pin down, a little Bauhaus, Mission of Burma, Minute Men, yeah. I hear that controlled Jazz/Punk there. The drumming is very creative and the saxophone, hot, like Boston's old Boy's Life. But more than all that, they're original, hauntingly enjoyable, wave upon wave of good sound. Pat On The Back are David Jahn, guitar and vocals, Tom Burgett, up and down the bass and vocals, Alec Corwin, on drums and such and Chris 'Snake' Skowron blows through a copper tube. But more than all that, they're Pat On The Back. Original and very talented, but more than all that, they're Fun.

Vinnie van Gee

THEY MIGHT BE
THEY MIGHT VERY WELL BE

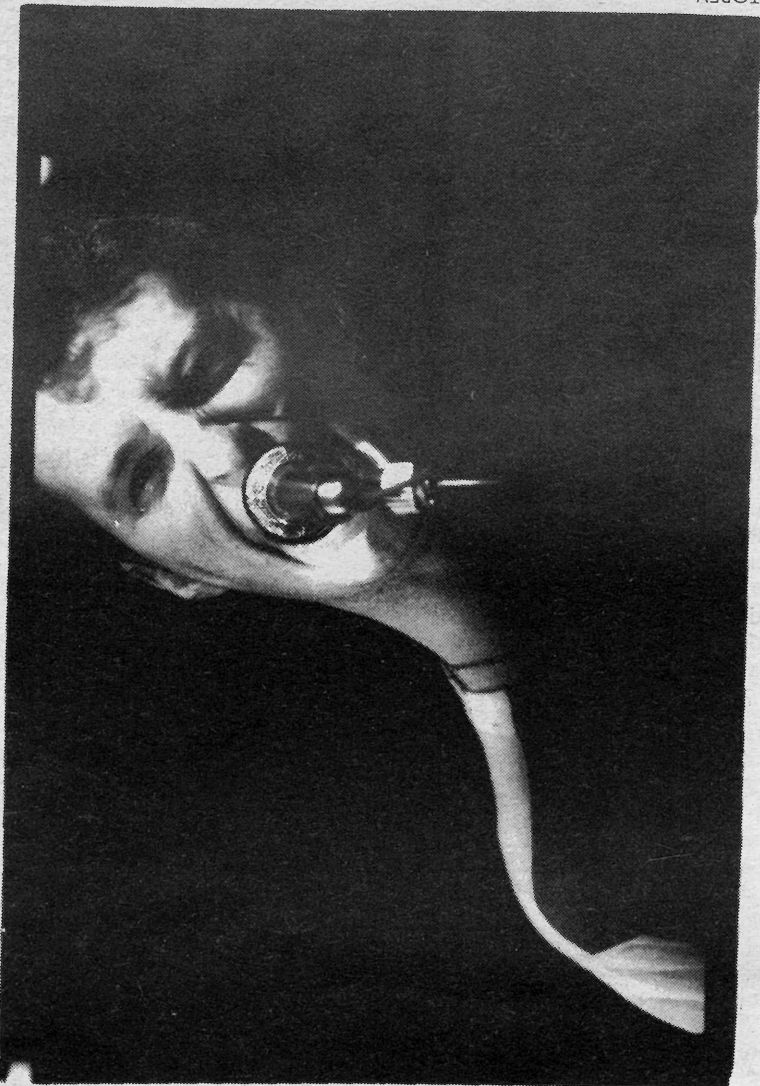


‘Those days when the sons of gods had intercourse with the daughters of men, and got children by them, the Nephilim (giants) were on earth. They were the heroes of old, men of renown.’

Genesis 6 - 4

GIANTS

BILLY BRAGG: THE INTERVIEW



TOBEY

get into it one way or the another, but politically I think it's a great leap forward from Live Aid, because it's specifically a political idea. Live Aid's a humanitarian idea. With Sun City, they're opposing the Apartheid system. It's quite a political step. And the next step is questioning the capitalist system which brings people to that sort of situation.

It's a fundamental critique which is also getting Top 40 radio play, and it's more of a Black effort. There seems to be a more accepted and tight connection between politics and music in England than in this country. Even hip magazines like *Spin* ridicule people who mix politics and art. They get called strident and dogmatic and blah blah blah.

BILLY: Well, in the UK this was the case until two or three years ago, before the Miners' Strike. Politics, although it was affecting our lives, wasn't in the headlines so much. I was writing some things like I'm writing now. So were The Redskins, so was Paul Weller, and we got to test whether or not music has any relevance. Can it do anything, can it even raise money? I don't think it can change the world, but it can have relevance. We had to do those gigs. Having written those songs we had to put our money where our mouth was.

You go out and do a miners' gig, and you've got

"People say that politics has nothing to do with music. This is rubbish, because politics is life, as far as I'm concerned. And good music reflects life." -- Billy Bragg on the Southgate Show, BBC.

Billy Bragg makes a point of letting his audience know where he stands. And why. And putting his politics out front as he does. Bragg has been accused of being "strident", of having an "attitude". But he makes no bones about being out to influence people. Popular culture is *about* influencing people; Bragg is perhaps just more honest about his intentions. And he makes no apologies. "Yeah, I've got an attitude," he responds to his critics. "I've got an opinion." As everyone should, one way or another.

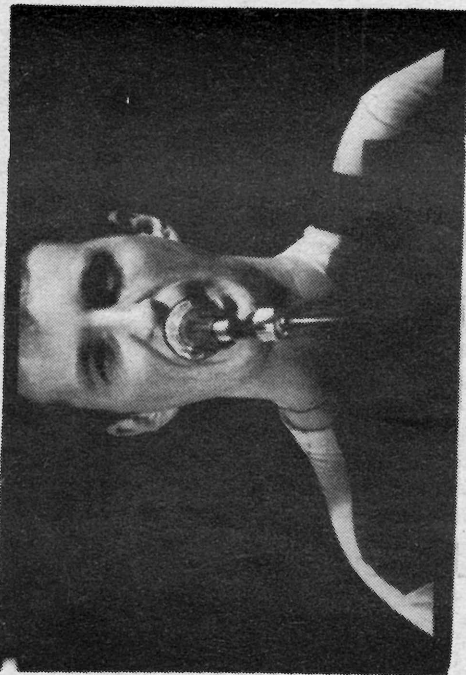
As it happens, his opinions reverberate with those of a growing number of people within the UK. But Billy Bragg's opinions alone haven't made him one of the most popular independent singers in England, having sold over 100,000 records and packing concert halls night after night. Bragg's unique guitar-and-vocal thrash-folk style (Phil Ochs if he'd seen The Clash?), and his knack for writing both catchy melodies and bull's-eye lyrics, distinguish him from the pack of good-hearted "political" singers who are often boring and forgettable none the less.

Bragg doesn't eschew popularity, he wants

BILLY: Well, it's community spirit. It's not about being militant, or being feminist, it's about being a community and working as a community. Really, it's not about politics at all. It's about being organized. 'Cause they weren't revolutionaries, they weren't crazies, they weren't commies, they were just people who wanted the same opportunities for their families and communities and kids as everybody else does in the rest of the country. Let's be honest, they were the sort of people, the miners, who were earning quite well in the late 70's, who voted for Thatcher in the first place. Let's not kid ourselves that they have been the vanguard. Some of the miners themselves were the most sexist pigs you could ever hope to come across. So when the women came through, that must've been really difficult for them at first, but at the end they accepted it.

In Nicaragua, women have participated in every aspect of the revolutionary process, and men have been forced to view and treat them differently. Do you see the same thing happening through the Miners' Strike?

BILLY: I think it has, not just for the miners and their wives, but right across the movement. You've got things like the gay support groups. So suddenly these macho miners were having to cope with gays, which again had a fantastic effect. "But you know, they're on our side, so we've got to take them into account."



heard. Yet he refuses to make certain compromises. "The whole Billy Bragg thing is geared toward the maximum amount of effort with the minimum amount of hype," he says. Following this philosophy, he doesn't make videos or release singles. He does, however, play out. A lot. In the last two years, he has played nearly four hundred gigs, many of which have been in support of causes such as the British coal miner's strike, the Labour Party, and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, often serving the purpose of raising both awareness and money.

Bragg's three records all grab the listener with a sense of urgency and seriousness about larger issues, and a sensitivity toward the struggles of everyday life. In performance, however, he displays another quality which is virtually absent from his records: an ascerbic, lightning-fast wit. During his sold-out shows at the Iron Horse, Bragg had the audience falling out of their seats as he "took the piss out of" everyone from Marxists to Reaganites, from The Boss to the French. Like a Dick Gregory or a Howard Zinn, he uses his humor to help make his audiences receptive to his concerns while also providing comic relief from the sometimes overwhelming weight of those concerns.

Billy is careful, though, not to let his humor mitigate or overshadow the ultimate purpose of his live performances: to move people to take responsibility for their world and to take action to change it. As an introduction to his song "Days Like These," Billy cautions us not to make him the spokesperson for a generation, and not to repeat the mistakes of previous generations by buying the fashions, the records and the ideas without putting the ideas into practice. Billy's philosophy is like his musical style -- go out and do it.

The morning after the Iron Horse show we lured Billy, his manager Peter Jensen, his brother Dave and his boyfriend chum Wiggy with promises of breakfast. In the face of unrelenting waffles Billy consented to this interview.

OH NO: This is the International Issue.

BILLY: Oh good, I'm a bit international.

What do you think of all the benefits for Africa, Live Aid and the whole school of them? Everyone's jumping on the benefit bandwagon. Egos for Ethiopia.

BILLY: We've been doing benefits in the UK for quite a while, before Live Aid, for the miners and stuff like that, so it's no great surprise to get involved with more. But actually I don't think we've done one for Ethiopia. Not that we're particularly avoiding them, but we've got so many other things to do.

PJ: You can get a lot of other people to do benefits for Ethiopia, while there are lots of wackier causes who can only hope to get us.

ing why you're doing this, saying "You're a southerner, why are you getting involved in this northern thing?" Or "This is a revolutionary process, rock & roll has nothing to do with it." By continually facing that, you see things in a different light. Let's be honest with ourselves: rock music has always *pretended* to be radical, but there we were actually doing something. Not particularly mammoth like Live Aid, but very very significant, absolutely grass roots, where it actually mattered. Why does it have to be a single issue, like the miners' struggle or nuclear disarmament? Why can't it be a much larger thing?

So the strike politicized everyday life?

BILLY: It did, yeah. Margaret Thatcher has thrown politics into relief in the UK and made it much easier to discuss political ideas. During the Miners' Strike, everybody had an opinion, pro or anti. And we just reflected that.

People say, "You do all these gigs for the miners, for charity," and it annoys me because it's not about charity at all, it's about solidarity. The fact that it raises money is all well and good, it's very useful. I could go on a picket line the same as anybody else, but what I can do that a lot of people can't is draw a thousand people of like mind together and help them make connections. That's what it is, it's about communicating ideas and questioning the way people grasp things. It doesn't change the world, but it gives them a bit of an argument to take away.

We met people who were not in the slightest interested in pop music, but who understood that we were trying to get across some ideas. We did this gig in Weirside, which is right up near Sunderland. The woman treasurer couldn't bear to be downstairs with the support bands, they were too loud. So she sat in the dressing room and told us what was actually happening in the strike. And that's what inspired me directly to write "Which Side Are You On?" She gave a speech that was listened to intently by all the people there, the poly lecturers, the students, and the little tiny spiky tops down at the front, who a couple of minutes earlier had been giving me grief and attacking the stage, all stood and listened in absolute silence to what this woman had to say. Until a year before, she'd never imagined speaking in public.

PJ: She'd made the dinner.

BILLY: Yeah, she'd just made dinner and cooked and looked after her sons, and now one of them was in prison, two of 'em were out on bail, her telephone was tapped, she was having to beg for money in the street -- and here she was making these speeches to people, that she'd never done before. I mean, the miners were always militant, but the way the women came through, right to the front, shocked everybody. To stand on the stage next to these women when they were speaking was really to understand people who'd finally found out how powerful they could be by getting organized. And that sort of thing, I'm pleased to say, has carried on, it hasn't melted away. It's still working.

How do you keep that going?

PJ: The miners lost their strike, but I think they won a lot of their struggle by uniting people against...

BILLY: Thatcher. The strike gave Margaret Thatcher the opportunity to do all the things she secretly wanted to do to the trade union movement.

PJ: She was equipping the police to be a paramilitary force. The anti-labor laws, the whole thing was being mobilized to squash people, and she referred to the miners, who are very respected in England, as "the enemy within." And that was her biggest mistake. She aligned them with the IRA, the Argentinians, the Libyans. It was put in those terms. They were "terrorists" in their own country, and that really offended the working people of Britain.

What connections do you see between the labor movement and other movements within and outside England, such as the women's movement, the gay rights movement, anti-racist movements, etc.?

BILLY: I think socialism covers all those, just as an ideology. The great failing of American politics is that it's not based on any significant ideology that offers ideas and attitudes. I think American politics can be a bit single-issue at times, and a bit blinkered. Your two political parties base their ideology on two different versions of the American Dream, whereas in Britain, the two parties are polar opposites. It didn't used to be like that. In the 70's there wasn't that much difference. That's why politics left music for a bit during the 70's, because it all became so blurry.

How did politics and music come together for you?

BILLY: I'd always been attracted to political songwriting in the tradition of Bob Dylan or The Clash. But nothing has ever focused my ideas as much as the strike. The election of the Thatcher government in 1979, that's what the root is. England's changed. I would rather be singing about girls and cars, honestly. It's much easier, and it sells more records. Mind you, I'm not a politician, I'm an entertainer, but I see a real connection. I feel a responsibility, and not all entertainers could or even should feel that way. But I do. You have to do what you can. You have to sit back at the end of the day and think, well, what did I do? "What did you do in the Miners' Strike, Daddy?" I didn't change the world, but at least I had a go, at least I took part.

You've spent a lot of time in America recently. What do you think you can accomplish coming here?

BILLY: Well, you can't write the sort of songs I write and not want to play them to Americans. Why? Because we can never move out of the capitalist system unless you do first. If America became radically left, then the rest of the world could happily become radically left. You could out-flank the Soviets easily, because you'd show



them to be the oppressive quasi-fascists that they are. I mean the Soviets, not the Russians.

You've got much more scope for emancipation. There's no reason why you shouldn't lead the world intellectually as well as economically. The fact that you don't, and you seem reluctant to, worries us. It worries me, anyway. So any opportunity is important, the after-gig debates whether in your kitchen or in dressing rooms are important to me. I find out more about America than I ever do reading the American newspapers.

You said last night to remember that when we

Mind you, I'm not a politician, I'm an entertainer, but I see a real connection. I feel a responsibility, and not all entertainers could or even should feel that way. But I do.

elect a president, we're not just electing a president for ourselves but for England as well. I don't think people understand what an effect our country has on the rest of the world.

BILLY: I'm asking Americans to look at what's happening in other countries, what other countries want, and bear that in mind somehow. If we do something that isn't what you want us to do, then we're "anti-American," as if we don't have our own... I say it every gig now, and I don't care how many times I have to say it, there is actually a real world out there...

And we're citizens of it.

BILLY: Yeah. And not only am I a citizen, I also have a responsibility. If my army's gonna go into Nicaragua, or my cruise missiles are gonna be sited in Europe, these are my responsibilities. How do I feel about 'em? Just as we have to take responsibility for our army in Northern Ireland, much as we'd like not to talk or think about it.

Northern Ireland's a touchy subject, huh? Do you ever talk about that at gigs?

BILLY: No, no one does. In England it's a very touchy subject. The root of the problem is what we laughingly call "The Troubles," "The Irish Question," "The North" or whatever. If there was a one-person one-vote election in South Africa tomorrow, then that situation would be changed, and in some ways solved. If there was a one-person one-vote referendum on union with Ireland, then the Protestants would win because Northern Ireland is an artificially engineered Protestant majority.

It was gerrymandered into existence.

BILLY: That's right. If it was the whole of Ireland it would be a Catholic majority, so that's not the answer either. It's not simple. The very fact that there's no clear answer has killed the debate

dead. After 16 years nobody talks about it because there's no way of getting through.

It's more than just Protestant and Catholic, it's a question of economic oppression as well.

BILLY: Yes, I think Protestant and Catholic blurs the issue. It's much deeper than that, it's classism again.

Do you think the army should pull out?

BILLY: I believe the British army should pull out. What that would do, I'm not really sure. I don't

believe the border should be dissolved, not just like that anyway. If the army pulled out and the border dissolved at the same time, then there would be a Protestant minority, and I think the one million Protestants would do exactly what the former Catholic minority did in the North. They'd take to arms. Within a month the Irish army would be in Belfast. People may say, at least it would be the IRISH army, but I don't see any difference. There'd still be strip searches in Armagh jail and plastic bullets used on people, so I don't see that as a simple answer.

Unlike in the North, Irish republicanism and Catholicism in the South are very conservative. Now the provisional IRA is based on Socialist dogma, and the INLA (Irish National Liberation Army) is Marxist. You're not telling me that the people in Boston who send money to the IRA are consciously giving it to Socialists or Marxists?

Of course not, the Americans who give money for Ireland are generally very conservative.

BILLY: That's what I'm trying to say. That's what's difficult for us to grasp.

It's a question of nationalism.

BILLY: It's also Romanticism. The IRA is struggling for a socialist Ireland and the INLA for a Marxist Ireland. If the borders were dissolved tomorrow there would be a conservative Catholic Ireland.

PJ: And the IRA would be put in jail sooner than they would be by the Brits.

BILLY: Yeah, are they going to bury their arms in the back garden? Or are they going to carry on the struggle? I don't know. But certainly their ideology is incompatible with what is happening in the Republic of Ireland. Also the economies are incompatible. The Northern economy is industrial, the Southern economy is agricultural. If

they dissolved the border tomorrow you'd be putting a Protestant middle class over a Catholic working class, although they'd be in the majority. It's fraught with strange inequalities.

Do you think that the difference between the Catholics in the North and the Catholics in the South is due in part to the struggles the northerners have been through for so many years?

BILLY: I think the Catholics in the North are much more politicized. They have been involved in an armed struggle whether we want to call it that or not. We tend not to. We don't talk about war, or armed struggle. One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter. There are plenty of people on the far left who think the sun shines out of the IRA's arsehole. They're not the taxi drivers who are having protection money taken off them in Belfast.

I think the failure in Boston is that no one's been blown up for 15 years. Whereas in London they've blown the fuck out of us regularly as clockwork. It's that kind of thing that colors our vision. It's very difficult to debate that with anybody in a pub in London without getting "they're just murderers, they're just terrorists."

PJ: I think from over here you can see a clear line of injustice in the situation of the Irish people. But when you come down and see what's actually happening, it all becomes very blurry.

Can I just ask you one quick question before you go? About the kind of reception you've gotten to your music in this country, where a lot of the kind of stuff that people are doing in Britain just isn't happening?

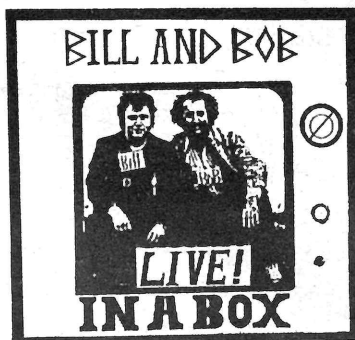
BILLY: I think that if people really weren't interested, coming up to me after the gig and saying what do you mean about this and that, people like yourselves, then I would really be disappointed. In Boston, I was chiding the audience because more people asked me what kind of guitar I was playing than asked me about Karl Marx. Sometimes this is true, and it does piss me off, I suppose. On the whole, people are really interested. But it's hard trying to convince people that this isn't just an "English thing," that it's happening everywhere.

Because everybody likes "English things." It's fashion.

BILLY: But it's not, you see. It's not fashion. In England we are really going against the grain.



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RAPPIN



RUN DMC

Cast your mind back to the summer of 1983 and try to remember the coolest song blasting out of every radio within earshot. Rap, you say. You're halfway there. The song was "It's Like That/Sucker MC's" by those Kings of Rap, RUN DMC. Now you remember. The guys who did "Rock Box" with that killer heavy metal guitar break. Okay, you got it. These boys are still around, while others are not. Rappers Run (Joseph Simmons) and DMC (Darryl McDaniels) and DJ Jam Master Jay (Jason Mizell) have been friends since childhood. Now in their early twenties, the trio presides over the Rap scene, which grew out of New York City's various boroughs and is now an international language. RUN DMC played UMass last spring, and they'll be back this month at Pearl Street. We had the opportunity to speak with DMC by phone. Listen in.

DADDY NEIL: D.

DMC: Daddy Neil? Yeah, how you been?

D.N.: Hanging in there, hanging in. I saw your movie last night.

You did? What'd you think of it?

D.N.: It was cool.

They should have given me more of a part.

D.N.: They could have given you more to say, I hear ya. But it was live though, I dug it. Let me see if Vinnie's on the phone.

VINNIE: Yup, I'm here.

Hi Vinnie, what's up?

V: Hi. You guys don't travel with a band, do ya?

No, we travel with turntables.

V: Yeah, right.

(laughter)

That's my band, Jam Master Jay.

V: So all the guitar work is on...

...on the records.

V: Have you ever performed with a band, live?

No we haven't. We were thinking about it, but then we said no, we wanna keep it original.

V: Who plays all that vicious guitar?

Eddie Martinez, former Blondie sidekick. He's playing on our next album too. We're working on it now. It should be out in about two months. We've got a new single out though, "Together Forever." It's real Hip Hop stuff.

D.N.: Right, I picked that up. Do you have a name for the album yet?

No, we'll probably call it PERFECTION or something.

V: What's it like?

It's gonna have another rock tune that's gonna be just as good as "King of Rock" and "Rock Box." The whole album is gonna be real raw this time. Like real hardcore Hip Hop B-Boy.

D.N.: You know it.

V: You have a great mix between funny stuff like "...every jam we play we break two needles, there's three of us but we're not the Beatles..." and some great stuff like my favorite song, "Wake Up." Are you gonna still try and keep a balance between the two?

Well, right now we don't have any new socially conscious records. We don't have no "Wake Up's" or any "It's Like That's" and "Hard Times" on this next album yet. We have a lot of "Sucker M.C.'s", that one rock tune, and a couple of "Together Forever's." Everything's just gonna be basically raw Hip Hop stuff.

D.N.: Do you plan to work with any other Rap groups on this?

On the album? No, not at all.

V: What was it like doin the Sun City record?

That was the best experience of my life.

V: It's a great record.

Did you see the video?

D.N. and V: Oh yeah.

You could see how happy we were. It was real great, kicking it with Bruce Springsteen and the kids, it was marvelous. I had a ball doin' that.

V: Are you gonna do another song about Apartheid?

Probably so, if they want us to, 'cause we're always ready to get out and speak up for the world. We did *Live Aid*, we did *Sun City*. We're just proving that youth like us know what's goin on in the world today, and since everybody listens to us we figure that Rappin's the perfect way to get a message across.

D.N.: OK, speaking of that, where have you performed overseas and how was the audience? Were they receptive?

Well our first place was Germany. This was two years ago and it was like they was waiting for us. The reception was very good. I mean it was just as good as it is in the States, and here in the City, you know what I'm saying? Everybody was just like breathless, we'd tell them to say "HO!" A lot of them knew our records — that surprised us. And recently we went to England, London. Now that was crazy. When we went to the place that we was playing at that night, there was like thousands and thousands of people, like the whole block...

D.N.: So they was really ready for you.

The outside, the inside was packed. It was really great, we never knew, it was surprising to us. We get there and say 'Oh my God!' and everybody's "RUN DMC!!" "RUN DMC!!" It was marvelous.

D.N.: Are you going back?

Yeah we're planning to go back, no time soon though.

V: In Germany, they knew the all the words and stuff?

The ones that knew English sure knew all the words. But the ones that didn't were just *with it* anyway, you know how you can tell it, you just want to be with it.

D.N.: In the movie *Crush Groove*, did everything run as you expected? Was there anything that caught you off guard or surprised you about filming the movie?

I had so much fun doing the movie, the only problem was finishing a day's work at eleven in the night and having to be up in the morning at five a.m. to be back on the set at six. But basically everything went good. I thought the movie was kind of soft though.

(laughter)

D.N.: There were a lot of groups, a lot of stars there that could have been dealt with more.

You know what I'm saying. It could have been a little more Street...

D.N.: Right.

And you don't really need that Sheila E. crap love story in the movie.

(laughter)

They could have given me and J a few more parts. The FAT BOYS, you could tell they were a group, but every scene, me and Jay are standing there, but you don't really know why we're standing there.

D.N.: Exactly.

But our next movie, they're writing it right now. We're going to start shooting in January or February, and you're just going to get a full blast of RUN DMC.

V: Great.

D.N.: So that's what the story line is going to be?

No, this next movie the storyline is that one of our homeboys from our neighborhood gets killed, and it's going to be like an Action Movie,



shooting and stuff. We're going to go up against *The Mob!*

(laughter)

We're going to go find the guy that killed our homeboy.

D.N.: Speaking of the homeboy, who exactly is the Hollis Crew?

The Hollis Crew is basically the crew that's on the Avenue where we live. Our close homeboys,

Yes, we've been to Washington D.C.

V: How's the GO GO thing down there?

The GO GO thing is *killer* down there.

V: Have you played with any GO GO bands?

Yes, we've played with Trouble Funk and E.U. Freeze and the Junkyard Band, and I would like to say that them boys kick butt.

D.N.: Oh yeah, they do.

We're just proving that youth like us know what's goin on in the world today, and since everybody listens to us we figure that Rappin's the perfect way to get a message across.

these guys called Butter Love and Cool T, that we produced. They made this record called "It's The Beat."

D.N.: Right.

And Ronny Ray, and basically everybody from the neighborhood that stands behind us.

D.N.: Hollis, Queens, right.

Right. And we have a White guy now with us, called Danny Whiteboy, the only Whiteboy in Hollis.

(laughter)

He's real cool. And he's a Rapper too. He's like a Beasty Boy.

V: What do ya think of the Beasty Boys?

I love them. They got this new record coming out called "Time To Get III."

(laughter)

It's not their debut record, but I consider this their debut as Rappers, 'cause it's real real fresh.

V: As soon as you guys started putting Rock into your Rap records, they started putting Rap into their Rock records.

Oh yeah, definitely, that was a good thing to say.

D.N.: Let's say Rap music started becoming routine again, what other new facet would you have to add?

Well, right now the way Rap is, you won't really have to add, let's say you'd take away stuff. You can take it back to the basics where you just have a Rapper, a Dee Jay and a Beat. No bass lines, no cymbals or nothin, just a beat, boom, and a Rapper just goin for his on the microphone.

D.N.: Yeah, freestyle, OK.

Yeah, that's the thing. You know, go back to the basics.

V: Have you guys been down to Washington D.C.?

V: Non-stop. Whew. How about George Clinton?

George Clinton, we played with him and we loved it.

V: He's the greatest.

Yeah, every time we go do something and he's around, he loves us. He said he wants to come hang out with us in Hollis.

D.N.: When you do a show, do you prefer to do all-age groups or older crowds?

All-age groups, all colors, all races, people from out of this world, angels and devils, we want it all.

(laughter)

We'd like to be a universal group, you know we don't put no tags on it. People shouldn't put tags on music, like Black music and White music, cause music is music and if it's good music it should just be known as music.

D.N.: Right.

V: Do you prefer playing alone or on those triple bills with other bands.

I like playing triple bills, I think.

V: Is there a lot of competition?

Between groups? No, not really, the most important thing is to get out there and do what you do best. So that's what we do, you know what I'm saying?

V: And you're always on the top billing...

Yeah, we are the top dogs...

(laughter)

We don't make that decision. If people feel we deserve to be that, we'll be that. That's not really important to us, neither is the money. It's just the joy of getting out there and doing what you like and doing it good.

V: What do you folks do when you're not being RUN DMC?

Hang out with the home boys on the Avenue, like we been doing since we was born.

(laughter)

We ain't changed, you know, we ain't fancy, nobody got no expensive cars, we ain't planning to move to Hollywood. Everybody still lives with their parents and basically, when we ain't RUN DMC, we get up in the morning, I call Jo, Jo calls Jay, 'What time you all coming out? All right, I'll meet you at the park.' All our friends look up to us, nobody treats us bad, nobody tells us we stuck up cause you know we still down to earth. We ain't out to abuse nothin. All we're doin is just rappin, that's what we do best.

V: Speakin of stuck up, what do you guys think of Prince?

(laughter)

Prince? I don't know, I kinda like the brother. He came out to the movie set one time and people were sayin he's crazy and out of his mind and I seen him, he was standing right next to me. He was just standing there, laughing with his group, doing everything normal. I think all that just come from bad publicity or whatever, you know. You get something good and people just want to criticize you. But I think the man is a normal man. It's just that he's got a gimmick for his entertainment thing, it's part of his business. I don't think

he's really out to be the *Purple Prince of the World*. He's a musician, that's the important thing.

V: How about the Last Poets? I was wondering if you listen to them.

I haven't, but Jason, our dee jay, Jam Master Jay, said he used to listen to them back in the day.

V: They really started it off.

That's what he said. And the Reggae Toasters, they're like Rappers, Yello Man and all these kids, they get on the microphone and go for broke.

D.N.: Yeah, Roots, Rap and Reggae. So, what would you be doin if you weren't Rappers?

We'd still be in school. I was going to St. John's University, Jo was going to Community College and Jay was going to Queens College. We'd probably be in school, right now, trying to make it.

D.N.: Do you think you're going to be looking toward some other aspect of show business?

We'd love to be actors and producers and directors. Now that we were in a movie, we've seen what goes on and we feel that we can write, produce and put out our own movie, any kind of movie. Action movies, love movies, horror movies... That's the best way to go right now. And still stay in music, producing other groups and stuff like that.

V: When you guys are playing live, do you prefer to see the audience out there dancing and singing along, knowing all the words...

Yup. *Party people your dreams have now been fulfilled. Get outa your seats and let's get ill. That's right you all, we're not just rough, we're more than tough and when it comes to rhymes we got enough.* We want everybody to leave their seats, get on the floor, throw their hands in the air.

V: There's lots of people though, that crowd up front. They want to get down every move that you do.

Yeah, and they're just as much a part of the show as we are. The crowd is the most important part.

D.N.: They also want to stand there and watch Jay.

Yeah.

V: Does Jay ever play out at clubs in New York?

No, he used to be a park dee jay. Before anybody was paying him to see his talent he was just giving it to them anyway. Take all his equipment and turntables down to the park, turn the music real loud and draw a crowd. We'd come in and rap on the mike. But basically that's what he was planning to do, until we came along and snatched him up.

V: Who's out in the parks now? Who's gonna be coming up?

Well, we got the Hollis Crew, they're gettin ready to come on strong this year. We've got some good talent out here and we're gonna put it to use.

D.N.: OK, you're scheduled to come up to the Pioneer Valley on December 4th, you got any words of wisdom for people that might be doubting that you're the best?

All right, tell the Pioneer Valley people that *the Kings of Rock are comin to town and you got to get up so we can get down, no playin around, just a funky sound, RUN DMC you now have found.* Just tell 'em to get ready for a throwdown all right? Tell em, you know, tighten up everything, lock up everything, like a hurricane's gettin ready to come to town, cause we're gonna have one.

(laughter)

D.N.: That's it for me Vinnie.

V: I'm all set too.

You all cool?

V: Yeah.

You all gonna come see us or what?

D.N.: We'll definitely be there.

All right we're gonna be looking out for you.

V: OK. Thanks, D.

All right. Thanks for the interview. Bye.

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BUGSY'S BOOK TIPS

OH NO! NOHO! 23

The turn which China has taken since the downfall of the White-Boned Demon, Mao's widow Chang Ching, and the Gang of Four has been an astonishing thing to watch for those who remember the days of little red books and the cultural revolution. An economist friend I talked with the other day was still chuckling from a lecture he had attended by a Chinese exchange student that afternoon. The student had stressed that in today's China prices are based on supply and demand, and financial incentives are used to stimulate production.

Another friend back from a sabbatical sojourn at a Chinese university told hilarious stories of compulsory Party-organized dances. Apparently the only people who know how to dance to Western music are over fifty, as were the musicians, a dixie-style combo who these days play for inter-generational same-sex couples. It seems that with national panic about the birth rate and the push to defer marriage as long as possible, the Party organizers try to keep romantic attachments from forming on the dance floor by assigning older women to teach girls, men and boys an intriguing variety of dance steps from before the Revolution: fox trots, tangos, etc. to the tune of dixie versions of Beatles hits. I suppose with exposure to the likes of Wham, in no time the youth of China will be teaching their aunts and uncles how things are properly done under capitalism.

The fine arts have experienced a similar process. Liberalization has meant a return to the progressive ideas of two generations ago. For instance, the debate in architecture, although it presents a curious parallel with the West, is between traditionalists and those trained in the Bauhaus manner. The irony is that since the Modernists never had a chance, those who wish to develop a reinterpretation of the vernacular can hardly be referred to as Post-modernists. In literature there is a throwback as well. Apparently, New Criticism is quite the rage! And translations of recent writing show the same process of picking up where things were left off. (You see, those of you who are truly patient, this is a book column after all!)

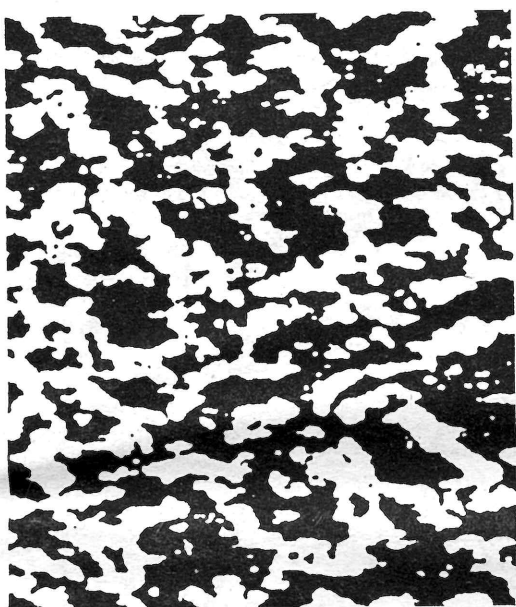
One of the most popular forms of writing in China today is the short story. To give you some idea of what that means, in the five years after the end of the Cultural Revolution in October 1976, 10,000 short stories have been published in over 150 journals. "Readership of some of these journals is astronomically high, the most popular being Tianjin's *Story Monthly* carrying short stories exclusively with a circulation of well over a million. Another monthly magazine that prints short stories and sells over a million copies per issue is *People's Literature*, an organ of the China Writers' Union. Other journals include *Peking Literature*, *Shanghai Literature*, *Anhui Literature*, and Canton's *Flower City* all with circulations in the hundreds of thousands," reports Timothy Tung in *Paris Review* #86. Circulation figures like these, I imagine, would deflate the smugness of even the most successful of American little magazine editors!

Tung goes on to discuss what the Chinese short story reader likes: "The first short stories to appear after the downfall of the Gang of Four were referred to as the so-called 'wound literature': -- that is to say a flood of emotion-packed stories

exposing the scars that the reign of the Gang had inflicted on the body and soul of the populace. Such stories found enormous popularity with people desperate for an outlet to relieve their pent-up anger." Tung interviews the writer Dong Leshan and translates his story "the Topsy-Turvy World of Professor Fu." It should be no surprise that a lot of wound stories are about academics, intellectuals and "cultural workers," to use Mao's term. They were not only the social layer most vulnerable during those years but they are also the very people now writing the stories. Some of the most successful "writers" began to write as a result of their experiences. Feng Jicai, in the years before 1966, was a professional basketball player whose family background was bourgeois. His father had owned a bank in Tianjin. Needless to say this drew the attention of the Red Guards and led to dramatic changes in Feng's life. From counterrevolutionary painter he turned to silkscreening arm-bands and Mao portraits, and printing plastic bags. He speaks of his resolve to understand and record the experiences of other victims: "There's a place by the Hai River where a few swimmers drown every summer... But during the Cultural Revolution people committed suicide there practically every day... Once I noticed scuff marks of indecision on the chair someone had used to hang himself. The sight filled me with fear and trembling. Whenever I saw something like this I would unconsciously try to fabricate the story that lay behind it."

Crysanthemums and Other Stories is a collection of unusual power, including extraordinary paranoid nightmares which lay bare the dangers of conformity and bureaucracy. "The Letter" exposes the self-torture of a minor official in a history institute who thinks that a letter he wrote to his brother concerning their youthful indiscretions has been turned in to his superiors. Others deal with the absurdity of bigshots and those that toady to them. In "The Mao Button," a worker searches for the only consumer item in a non-consumer society: the biggest Mao button in town. Instead of appearing the most eager and loyal member of his work unit, he accidentally steps on it when it falls and is accused of sedition! For anyone interested in sidestepping the reformulation of the old "inscrutable" myths in so much Western journalism on the subject of the new China, Feng Jicai's stories should be read.

Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, New York, 1985, \$19.95



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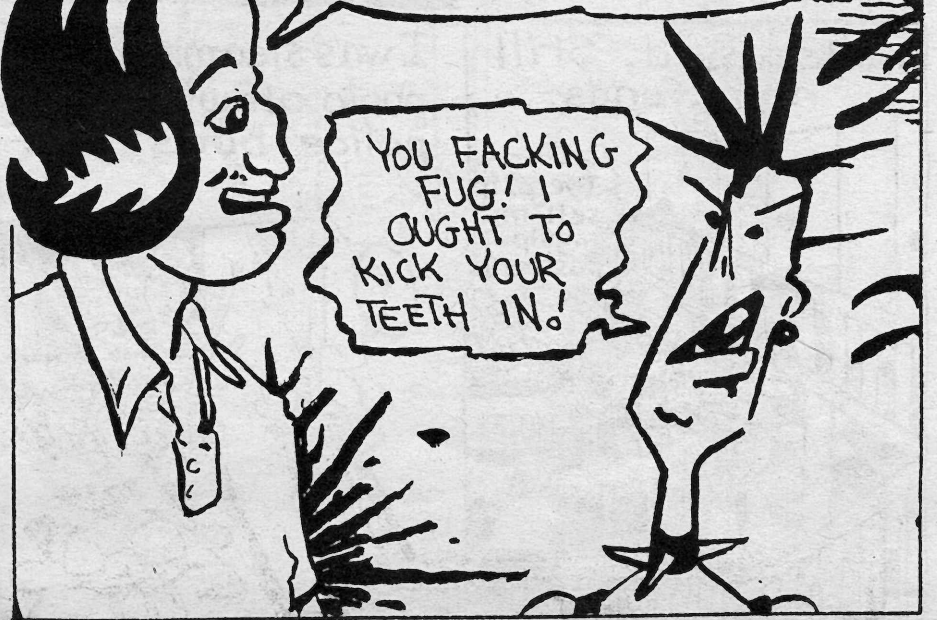
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I THINK YOU'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH DRUGS FOR ONE DAY.



Down and Out in Old Delhi © Rensu 1985

1974. I took two portable camping stoves to India.



Restaurants were so cheap I could eat out every night.



I gave one stove to a penniless westerner.

Fire this baby up, and you can do all your own cooking.

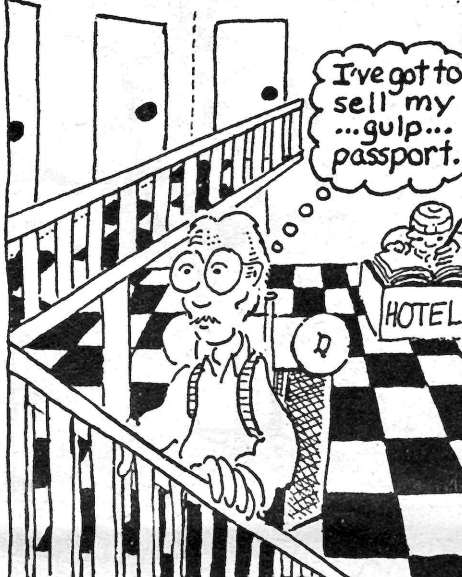


I didn't want to end up like him.



A few days later my travelers' checks were stolen.

Weeks passed. Still no refunds.



I was steaming the photo off when the police burst in.



They blocked all routes of escape.



They were armed with long bamboo poles with metal tips.

A guy wearing a furry cap seemed to be in charge.



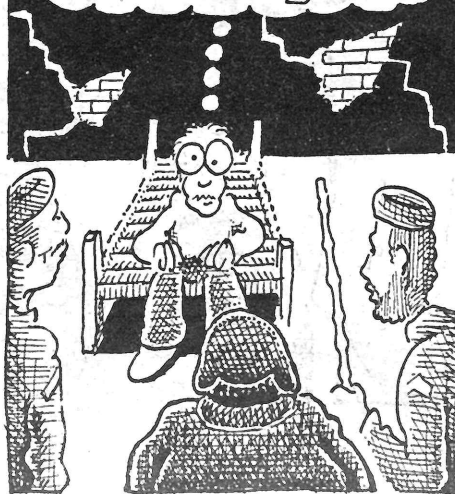
He's been watching me. I've eaten out too often. He thinks I'm a gangster.



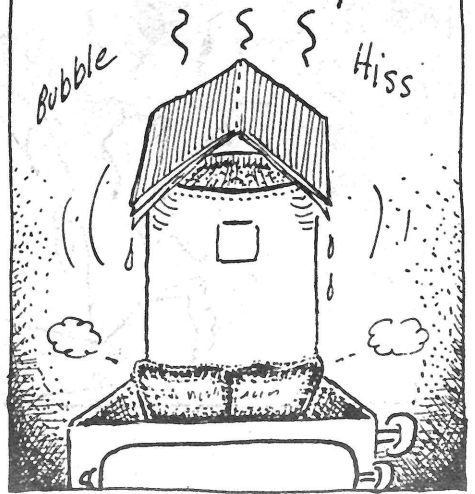
He started getting nasty.



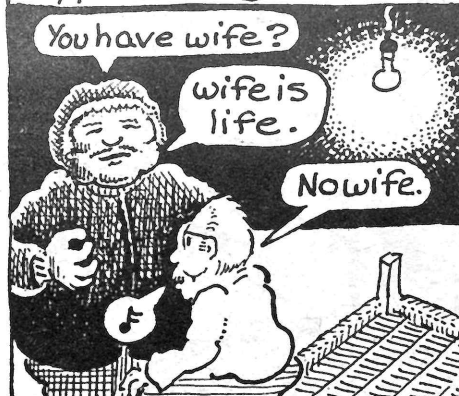
Wait a minute. I'm American. Why the hell did I say I was English?



Since my passport was merrily boiling away, I decided to let the distinction pass.



Maybe he thought I was brewing some type of English tea.



He said he was looking for two Italian pimps. Then he left.

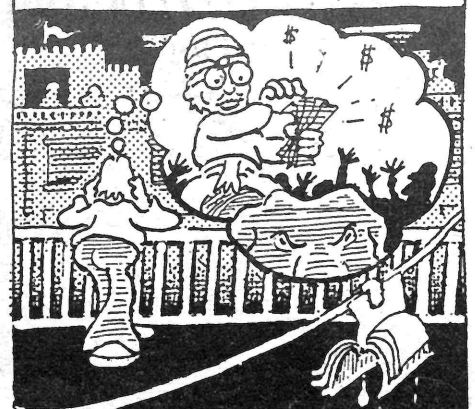
Later I stood on the balcony and watched a wedding procession.



The groom sat on an elephant, his fists full of rupees.



Rent an elephant from Avis? A turban from Mr. Tux? I was tempted...



...but I hung up my passport to dry instead.

ATTACK of the TUPPERWARE[®] LADIES from HELL

BASED ON A TRUE STORY
© 1985 L. CATHEPAUGH

AUGUST, 1983... SHERATON INN WEST SPRINGFIELD...

Ah'm th'night WATCH mann... Ba DOW dow...

Oh SHIT... the BEEPER...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Yeah...it sounds like there's a DISTURBANCE upstairs...

UH oh...

Indeed there WAS... a gang of drunken, middle aged TUPPERWARE[®] LADIES were running amok in the halls...

TEE HEE HEE HEE HEE

HAHA HAHA EEEK HEE HEE

HAHAHA

DECISIVE ACTION was called for:

ALL RIGHT, KNOCK IT OFF!

Your mother and I said you could HAVE the girls over if you were QUIET! It's 2AM! I gotta go to WORK in the morning...

OKAAY DADDY WE'LL BE GOOD HEE HEE

LATER...

Er... have you ladies seen our SECURITY GUARD?

I haven't seen a security guard... You girls seen a security guard?

NOPE! NOT ME!

HEWWWP! HEWWWP!

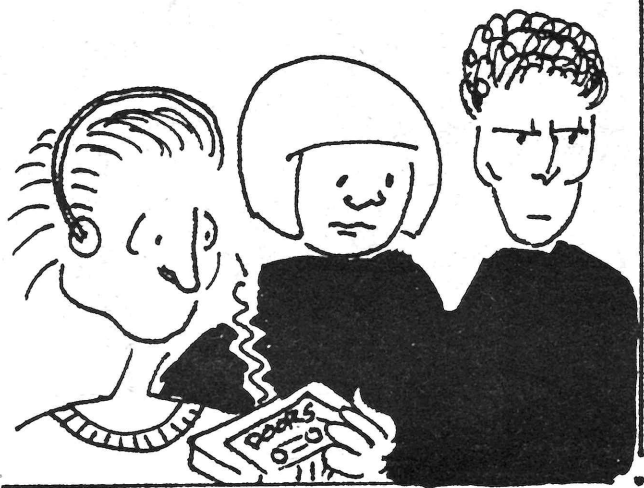


Far from the madding crowd which swelled the Louvre, I went off on my own to find Jim Morrison's grave.

A painted bust of Morrison was flanked by offerings of flowers and peacock feathers.



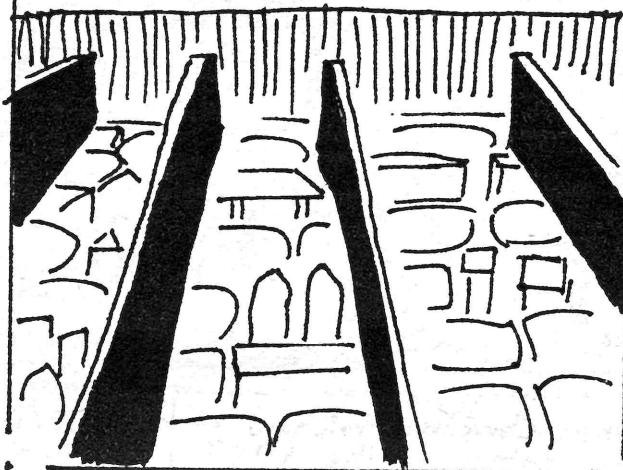
...contemplated the grave, avoiding each others' gaze.



Nearby, a bunch of young Americans were talking.



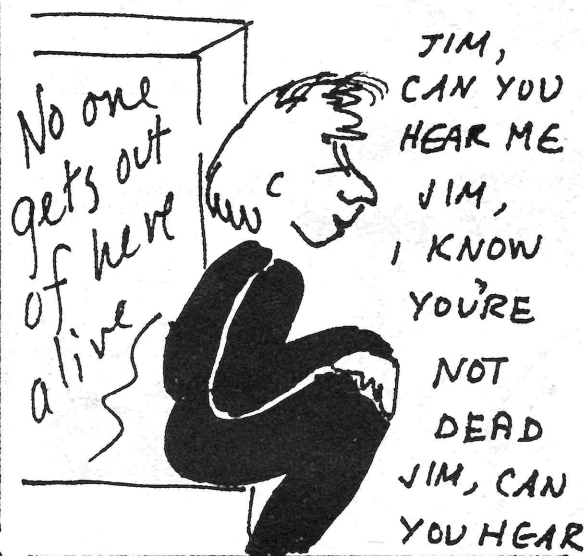
The cemetery was a 100-acre maze...



An oddly silent crowd of teenagers was gathered there paying their respects.



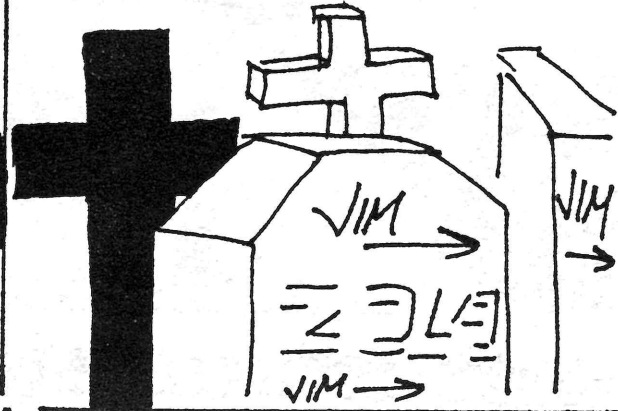
Some even prayed to him.



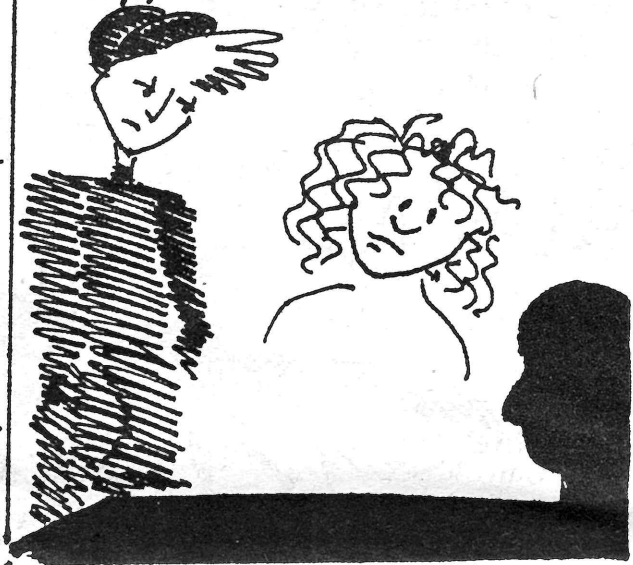
They were discussing "Rambo II".



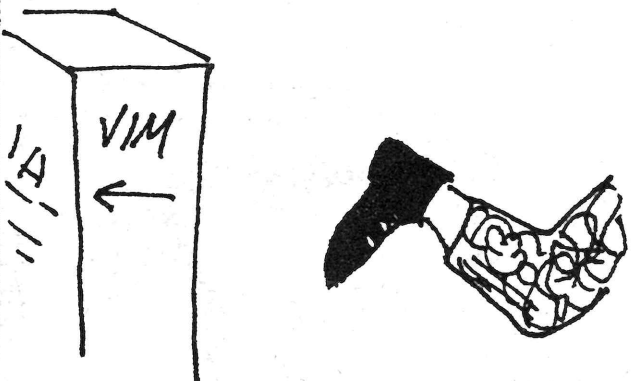
... but I found him easily by following directions scrawled on others' tombs.



Everyone from Finnish punks to Paisian hippies...



But gradually a new noise made itself heard.



A German girl asked me if I knew them. "No," I said, "I'm Canadian." And I left.



The testosterone mutants are still enthralled by the vaginal TV. People wonder how long can this go on?



Nurse Christina Pritchard is the mother of the VTV.*

That's my baby out there!

DR. Gnarls Pagan tries to say the right thing.

at least it's out in the fresh air.

*Vaginal TV - Lance

What if those creatures turn on him! What if they try to destroy him.

let's hope they don't.

Dr. Ladine Wainscott and patient Lenny Spiel find they have something in common.

how does she know it's a boy?

Talking genitals!

that is all they have in common.

our genitals must never touch again.

fine by me.

They are experiencing mixed feelings.

oo baby! I want you! I want you!

You got me!

c'mere! c'mere!

Meanwhile...

Vaginal TV's, Talking Genitals, Testosterone Mutants!

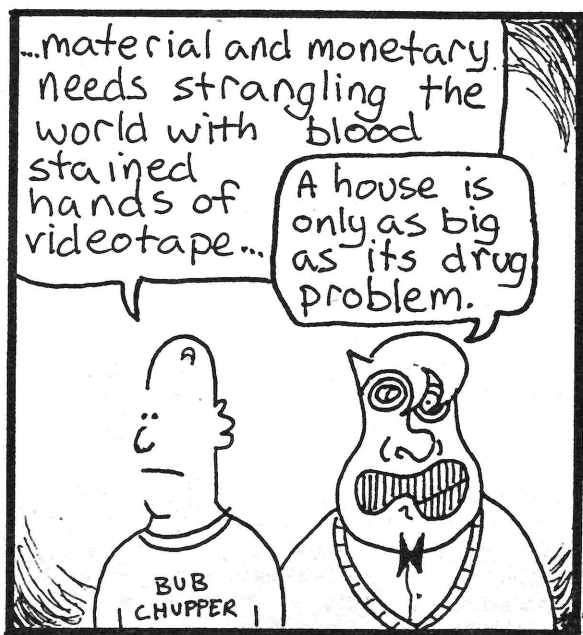
I've got it!

what's that spike?

a way to cash in on this whole sick scam!

get your coat on Bubbles.

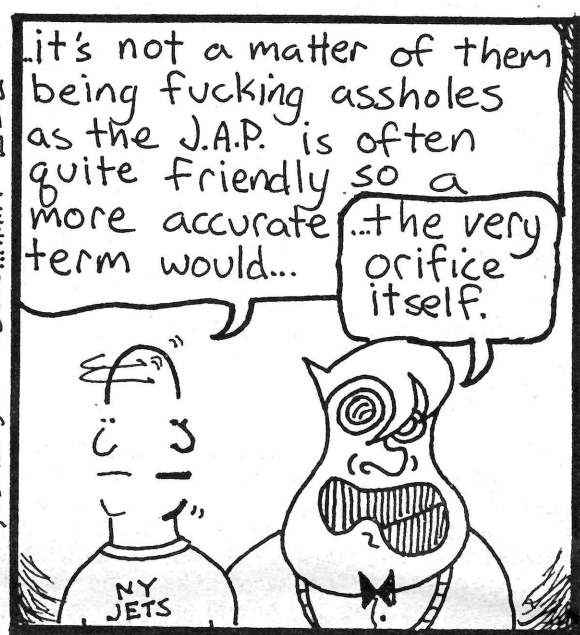
We're going to GENITAL HOSPITAL!



Caught On Liberal Licence, Enter Gross Idealism And No-minds



J.T. + OH NO am I being irrational? No, its not just a joke... HAH! LMB



ALL NEW!

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Pierce's art store frame shop

"everything for the artist"

ho ho no ho

200 main st. 584-1207

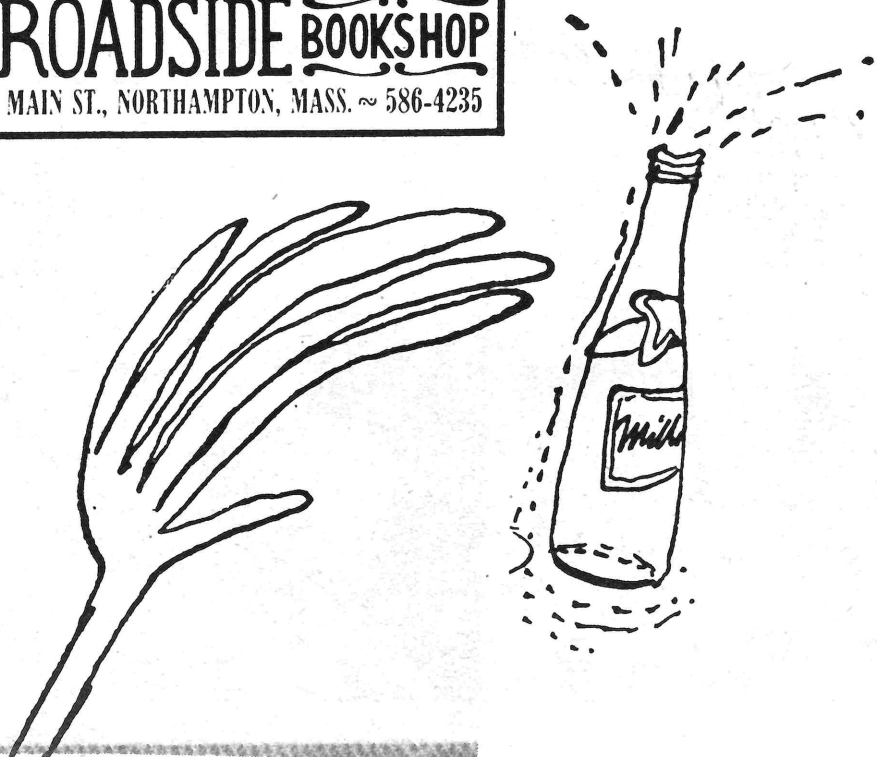
RESTAURANT

PARADISE DELI

586-5158

235 Main Street, Northampton, MA 01060

30 OH NO! NOHO!



CARTOON ART workshop

The Guild has offered workshops in the art of cartooning since 1979. All ages are welcome, and participants have ranged from seven to 66-years-old.

We try our hands at the gag, strip, and story formats. To help us organize our ideas in story form, we develop characters and scripts. We learn the rules of cartoon storytelling, as well as, history, tools and techniques, and some tips on marketing.

The workshop begins this December and meets once a week for six weeks in the evening at the Graphics Guild, Inc., 190 Main Street, Northampton, MA. Cost: \$75.00.

For more information contact:

GRAPHICS GUILD INC. 190 Main Street Northampton, MA 01060 413-584-8513

Ha, what a cinch!

I bet I can make almost a 100 bucks over the next 10 years.

scratch scratch

1972



NONA HATAY

THE HAMPER

GOSSIP:

Paris*NOHO*Zanzibar

"All my life I have been impassioned, driven by my instincts. I can never be satisfied because my desire continues..." -- Klaus Kinski

The latest fluke conjured up by the Bad Dance Patrol is called The Dance Accident Assessment Team: They have insurance policies to be taken out at very high premiums. They also have very stiff penalties and issue these warnings to keep the premiums lower: NO PARKING ON THE DANCE FLOOR!, NO DANCING WITH DRINKS OR LIT CIGARETTES. (They want to keep the incidents of burning holes in wrists, clothing and hair at an all-time low in 1986!)

Joey Balloonballs was admitted to Genital Hospital last week. Apparently, he and Macho Kevin (with the chicken arm) were caught violating the 'big tickle' project. Speaking of violations, Uncle Don & Johnny Alien were violating their weenies one night at the fishcoteque... talk about plaid & houndstooth trouser trout!!

A picture of a woman with a pair of shoes on her back was cause for women to picket Strut a few weeks back. I think it should have been a picture of a man with high heels on his back: a prominent local lawyer said that he volunteered for the project but they rejected him because his back was 'too' hairy!!

Somebody saw Marlissa carrying a blunt instrument, wearing a pink raincoat in front of the bank, eyeing Teenage Mutant Trendoids. Hey, Marlissa, can I borrow that pink raincoat?

Sister Veneria D'Zayse was caught shoplifting in Grampy's. She had chocolate Ben-Wa balls & Doan's Liver Pills (to wake up her bile) stuffed down the crotch of her big mama panty hose. She was punished & sent by the Sisters of the Holy Order of the Modulated Sincerity to reside over the halfway house for girls who don't go all the way, at Old School Commons...

Some of us weren't invited to your opening party, Jerry. Does that mean we get to come over there with our magic markers and do up the bathrooms real good? And to think that I got you into the Pee Wee Herman Fan Club!! And I heard that there were photos taken of Who's Who in NOHO in compromising positions! (Only joking, Geeko, we love you!)

Lee Markosian is back in town. This summer, his brother Paul was back. And I guess Dean left town last spring. So much for the wild & crazy Armenian Brothers.

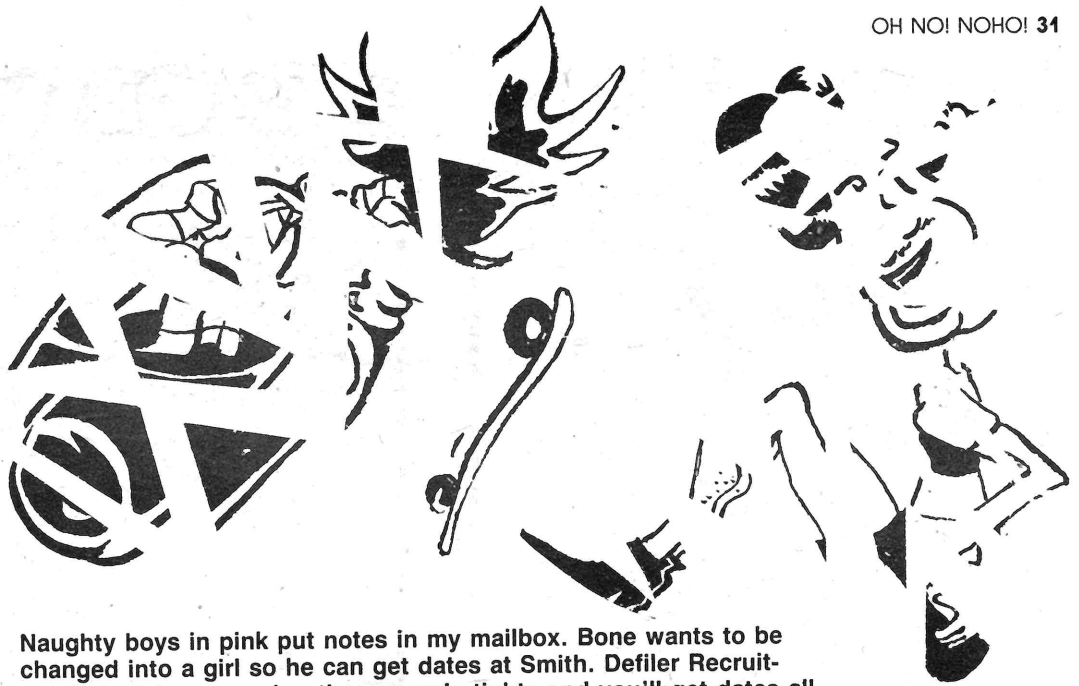
The ghost of Joe Kennedy Jr. was seen walking the streets of NOHO, looking for his 4 younger sisters. Unlike Scrooge, he was carrying an enema bag in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other...

There's a new group in town called H.U.M.P. (heterosexuals unite more people)! If you need information about this project, call the hump hotline at 666-hump for more intimate details. People involved with this project are Clitoris Leachman, Fatty Arbuckle, Morgan Broman, and Lumpy Lethargic...

Drew was arrested for scalping numbers down at the Paradise Deli: he got \$35 for a 'low' number, waiting on a salami sandwich. Later that day, after he was released on personal recognizance, he got picked up again for bouncing on a car with his rubber lizard and Mr. Bullhorn... and Stella is still shaving her tongue!

Pam, Mr. Mainstream said he saw a '49 Buick in New York City last week he thought was your sister Kathy. Stay tuned for the Transvestite Cheerleaders from Outer Space on WOZQ every Monday night from 11:00 till 2:00. Last week they were Hot Dogs in High Heels with Designer Buns! Once a month, before OH NO! NOHO! comes out, Stella Spambottom will be guest host, featuring madness and astrological mayhem...

OH NO! NOHO! 31



Naughty boys in pink put notes in my mailbox. Bone wants to be changed into a girl so he can get dates at Smith. Defiler Recruitment! Just keep wearing those purple tights and you'll get dates all right. And I didn't think Defilers bred in captivity!

Wah jigone do Norton & da P-boyz? Have anotha all nite dance? when? where? and what have you done with Porky? Was he really fat when he was a kid?

Did anyone catch Sister Luke in her T.V. debut on MASH? No, she didn't play one of the nuns from St. Francis' Orphanage, she played a General!

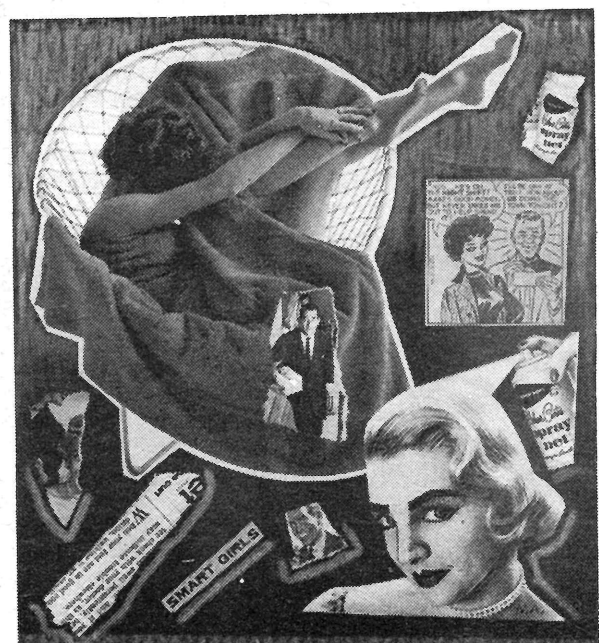
Speaking of Sister Luke, she sent us her World Tour Itinerary for this issue: December 4th through 10th, she will be at "her Majesty's" behest: Sister Luke decided to start her much-publicized World Tour at Buckingham Palace. Seems that Liz is in a rare tizzy (again?) over Diana's expense account and her most recent breach of grace -- dancing with John Travolta! Liz wants Sr. Luke to give Di a working over and try to stiffen "Chuck's" resolve. Also while in merry old England, Princesses Anne & Meg will be showing Sr. Luke how their ancestors walled up nuns! December 11th thru 14th, Sr. Luke is delivering her highly acclaimed paper "Undetectable Ways to Obtain Information" to the KGB.

Sister Luke will spend Xmas with the Ayatollah, a big supporter of the Sisters of Perpetual Complacencies. For holiday dinner, marinated goat eyes will be served along with Agnes of God sandwiches, for which I have included this 'marvelous' recipe: Liberally spread liver pate, layered with finely sliced artichoke hearts, covered with fresh peruvian lettuce, & deliciously surrounded by a firm, fresh croissant! (It's 99 cents, delivered in upper state New York, and of course no one will believe this either).

Did you ever think of all the things that people do in public that really piss you off (aside from the usual rude mannerisms)? I love it: now that the cold weather is here, somebody will be puttin' on their coat and hit the person behind them with their sleeve -- or fist! Don't you have a feeling about where you're at in any given space? What about another person's space? I love it when you're trying to get by somebody on a rainy day, and they nearly poke your eye out because they won't move out from under the awning with THEIR umbrella! And if you're crossing the street here in Noho (without dodging people in front of Thorne's, or suffocating from those bus fumes on the crosswalk there) how much you are liked in this town (that is, if the car doesn't decide to wait & let your ass cross) is determined by the length of the skid marks in front of your dead body!!!

There's also been some question about just where the real Cat Pee Alley is; some say it's between Packards & the pizza place. Mr. Goodwrench says it's anywhere it smells musty on a rainy day, or any day in fact.

The Rhipidion Society says "fish cannot carry guns!" Happy Halley's Comet Hunting to the Born Again Pagans... Look near the Alphane Moon



A HOLIDAY WINE GUIDE



THE BEST OF THE BEST

In the best of all possible worlds, one would drink a bottle of Chateau Lafite Rothschild (from a good year, of course) every night. In our imperfect imitation of utopia, however, some of us have to drink Gallo and make the best of it. Accordingly, this reporter offers a guide to the best of the worst.

Naturally, one's standards must be adjusted to accommodate lower priced wines. One looks for the wines to be drinkable and inoffensive. The wines should also be inexpensive (under \$4.00) and available in just about every nook and cranny of the country.

The following wines have all met these requirements. A nice round number of wines was needed to evaluate, so 8 were chosen: 4 white and 4 red. The suggested retail price for each wine is given (regional and seasonal variations may apply). All wines are rated on a scale of 1 to 1,000 -- 1,000 being best.

First, the white wines in alphabetical order:

ALMADEN GOLDEN CHABLIS -- \$2.89 a fifth. I don't know where they got the "Golden" from (why not silver or bronze?), but it smells better than it tastes. It's simply too sweet and sugary to accompany dinner. Instead, it could be used for after-dinner sipping, while chestnuts are roasting on an open fire. [369]

CHARLES KRUG CHABLIS -- \$3.59 a fifth. Here's a wine for people who like to drink water with dinner, but would accept an alcoholic substitute. The label says this is wine, but the taste is so bland that it's hard to tell. There is, however, a slight metallic aftertaste (maybe this one should be called "Golden"). [440]

LOUIS MARTINI MOUNTAIN WHITE -- \$2.99 a fifth. There's been a lot of fuss about wine coolers lately, and here is a wine that tastes like one with three times the kick (12.5% alcohol). If you need it, this citrus smelling and tasting wine is good for the morning-after hangover. [222]

PAUL MASSON CHABLIS -- \$2.89 a fifth. This one is probably the best of the bunch. It smells a bit sweeter than it tastes, and it actually compliments light dishes (light food, too). But don't expect a lot of complexity; and at \$2.89, who does? [747]

Now the red wines, also in alphabetical order:

ALMADEN CABERNET SAUVIGNON -- \$3.99 a fifth plus a 50-cent peel-off coupon. First of all, I like 50-cent coupons stuck to products. I mean, it's like finding money. However, this wine doesn't need it. It may be the best wine, penny for penny, in the world. But then again, it's still Almaden. [911]

GALLO HEARTY (ho, ho) BURGUNDY -- \$2.09 a fifth.

This wine is not as bad as its reputation. The screw-off cap actually keeps the wine fresher than a cork could. This was not intended to age for more than a few weeks. The key qualities: no off odors or flavors. But drink it fast, as it fades quickly. [666]

CHARLES KRUG BURGUNDY -- \$2.89 a fifth. If you can find a sale, Krug's higher-priced wines deserve a shot. This one deserves to be shot. It's musty, thin, acidic and flavorless. It looks somewhat like wine and might be used as mouthwash. [109]

MONDAVI RED -- \$3.69 a fifth.

Robert Mondavi manufactures more hype than wine; a monumental achievement, considering all the wines he makes. This one is typically cherry-like and floral, low in acid, with little or no aftertaste. Give it as a present to your yuppie friends. [411]

So there you have it. A handy, dandy guide to the wines you might expect to find when you want to fork over only a few bucks. Unless, of course, they're running a fire sale on Lafite.

WINE GIFTS

Have you ever been at a loss to find just the right Christmas, birthday, wedding or anniversary gift? Flowers and chocolates are too commonplace. Often, a satisfying solution for all is a bottle of fine wine. If you're lucky, and the recipient is properly generous, you might even get to taste some of it. But which wine should you buy? There are 10 million light years worth of different choices.

As a public service, I offer you the 10 best wines of all time (and 10 runners-up). Indeed, what could be a better gift? They can all be found in the better wine shops in any major population center. The money with which you may be expected to part is duly recorded. One note: All the wines selected here are red. The famous wine historian Leon Adams once said, "All wine would be red if it could."

1. 1958 BEAULIEU VINEYARDS (Private Reserve): What's this, a California wine as the best of all time? You bet. It's stunning, and at 25 years of age, it's just starting to develop. (\$650).

2. 1968 HEITZ (Martha's Vineyard): This wine is so rich and yummy it could be dinner in itself. It's probably as good a wine as one could ever hope to drink. (\$250).

3. 1865 CLOS VOUGEOT (Bouchard): Despite its age, this French burgundy tastes young and fresh. Simply amazing! So is the price. (\$3000).

4. 1961 CHATEAU PALMER: "The" wine from the fabulous 1961 vintage. Magic in a bottle. (\$300).

5. 1870 CHATEAU LAFITE ROTHSCHILD: So intense, it was undrinkable for its first 50 years. It's still holding well. (\$2000).

6. 1941 INGLENOOK: No mistake here, since this is not the Inglenook you buy today. Back then, the wine was made to last. This one proves that California cabernet sauvignons do, indeed, age well, (as if it needed proving). (\$450).

7. 1929 ROMANEE CONTI (Domaine De La Romanee Conti): If this was good enough for Marlene Dietrich, it's good enough for me. (\$750).

8. 1945 CHATEAU MOUTON ROTHSCHILD: A religious experience; donation: \$800.

9. 1970 RIDGE (Monte Bello): The best wine from California's best vintage ever. A bargain at \$150.

10. 1966 GRAND ECHEZEAUX (Domaine De La Romanee Conti): Imagine drinking rainbows and you can approximate what this wine tastes like. The bouquet alone is worth the price of admission, (\$200).

Here are the runner-up choices:

1947 CHEVAL BLANC: \$600

1945 CHATEAU LATOUR: \$650

1970 BEAULIEU VINEYARDS (Private Reserve): \$150

1931 QUINTA DO NOVAL (Port): \$700

1951 BEAULIEU VINEYARDS (Private Reserve): \$400

1958 INGLENOOK: \$200

1969 HEITZ (Martha's Vineyard): \$175

1961 CHATEAU PETRUS: \$800

1970 MAYACAMAS: \$135

1953 MUSIGNY (De Vogue): \$200

Now if your pocketbook won't tolerate some of these prices, and you're willing to settle for something less pretentious, here are some guidelines to follow:

- 1) Stay away from 1982 bordeaux (unless the recipient knows nothing about wine).
- 2) Also, stay away from 1974 Californian cabernets; highly priced and disappointing.
- 3) Any bordeaux from 1979 is usually a steal.
- 4) California cabernets from 1980 to 1981 are great values.
- 5) Avoid New York, Texan and Italian wines.
- 6) Champagne is a dubious gift at best.

Remember, the joy of giving is exceeded only by the joy of drinking.

Stan Szczepanski

AND THE BEST OF THE WORST

YOU CAN'T DRINK LAFITE EVERY NIGHT

THE CRITZMITS UNDERDOG

BY STELLA SPAMBOTTOM

"We are not individuals. We are stations in a single Mind." -- Philip K. Dick, *Valis*.

ARIES: With Yaldaboath on your fiery tail this month, the Frug Meister (leader of the Bad Dance Patrol) suggests you bring chalk to the North Star (Sirius, where the Dogon people come from), and map out your inner space on the dance floor. Beware of Flamingo Dancers & Foxtrotters; they have a blood line to the Cyborg Entities who gouge innocent bystanders in the ribs, and have the scent of Swedish Meatballs on their breath. Romance can be a snap after the 10th when you have completely recovered from your proctectomy and Pearl Harbor Day. Invest in a rip-away velcro wardrobe, and/or install a negative ion transformer behind the couch...
Your Color: WITZELSUCHT GELB

TAURUS: Now that the time has changed from NOHO mean time to Sidereal Time, homoplasmas are freezin' in their tracks. This could effect the GABA Fluids in your brain and cause prickly heat. The constellation of Pepe Le Peu is drifting through a wet spot in your love life and dreams of horney priests and Urbain Grandier look-alikes could ruin your REM cycle. Suspect lovers wearing leiderhosen or panty hose with a perforated crotch... Diet is crucial at this time; avoid turkey necks. Maybe a good visit with Mr. Nifty could lead to a weekend out of town; take the Death Frigate to Borneo or become a contender with a one way ticket to Palookaville...
Your Color: "CILL MY LANDLORD" LAVENDER

GEMINI: Nurse Diesel recommends that you affix speed bumps to your mattress to prevent the Mohawk Chickens from Hell from using your heart as a dartboard. Seek treatment from Theodoric of York concerning your dipygus sexual behaviors. Romance is to be highly avoided this month. Danger could be around every corner with a Subdwarf semi-sexile to the Black Hole Doppelganger from Orion. Seat belts should be worn during any Montenegrin Rituals, or otherwise expect a rear collision on Hersey Highway... The Mystery of the Great Punta suggests that you avoid the 'big tickle' and eat plenty of French Pastries. Quench your thirst with Coco Goya hylozoisms during the holiday...
Your Color: PROCTOCYSTOPLASTY PURPLE

CANCER: Oh, what inna B-Jesus are you gonna eat this month? Don't give up writing in your exegesis: entry #474 progressed beyond Pluto places stress upon the hypothalamus (rhymes with hippopotamus), and you will need advice from the Qumran People (who dress in drag like a virgin). They divide up Asklepios' spirit and place wizards in wooden cradles. Make that nite deposit at your local sperm bank, but remember, Mr. Bathrobe gives penalties for early withdrawals, and no immaculate conception need take place. Avoid Meat Whiplash with a 'what to eat' novel by Philip K. Dick, otherwise you will end up in Genital Hospital (see comics) like Horselover Fat & the dyslexic Xenophanes of Colophon...
Your Color: HYPERPHALANGISM HUE

LEO: Chewbacca mounts the Son of C.H.U.D. this month, and naughty dreams of Pilgrims & Indians should be forgotten. Consult the Vulcan Oracle for more details in dealing with this phenomenon. Romance should be great now that the Roman Polanski is making another film and has stopped picking on little girls (Nastassja Kinski): wait in line as he may pick your name from his list from Dagda of the (Spam) 'Bottomless' Cauldron. On the 15th, a diploblastic pop from the entrails of Halley's Comet makes it impossible to avoid gangLIONated members of the opposite sex (gemini). Consult Nag Hammadi for fashion & make-up tips. It only takes 30 nanoseconds to get ready for that big date, so avoid decisions about Rhumba Shoes & Hoola Skirts. Use two coats of mascara on that '3rd' eye. Start shaving now for that island vacation: take the bike route over Atlantis...
Your Color: COPROLALIA CORAL

VIRGO: Give your savings to the Sisters of the Perpetual Complacencies this month. It's a great time for you to make sacrifices and scourge yourself with a few extra lashings before brunch/ or kneel naked in front of the Calvin Coolidge Monument. Beware of health risks during the holiday; you could contract suzzignmutssi (desert fever) by playing Russian Roulette with Uncle Fester or your grandfather on your mother's side. The Dead Sea Scrolls predict new romance & breeding with the Cyborg Entities from outer space. This could be the new and only answer to the evolution of the computer lobe... Get rid of bums in your life who talk about Australia, you can get there by yourself. German Shepherds & spandex should be re-located to the lower extremity for the next two weeks...
Your Color: ZOETROPIC ZINC

LIBRA: Information about your balanoplastic behavior has been passed on to me this month by the Dog Star People who dropped by for tea the other nite. You have to practice anhedonic rituals of putting cigarettes out on your own body as punishment for swearing in the presence of Santa's Elves & Snotty, one of the 7 dwarfs. By the 12th, Saturn in Jeopardy will appease all this trouble with an exciting shopping spree before the onset of the holiday. (When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping). Avoid designer genes and trouser trout; they could explode if stroked against the nap. Use your intuition about purchasing lapis exilix for that ichthyroid special someone...
Your Color: YTTERBIUM YELLOW

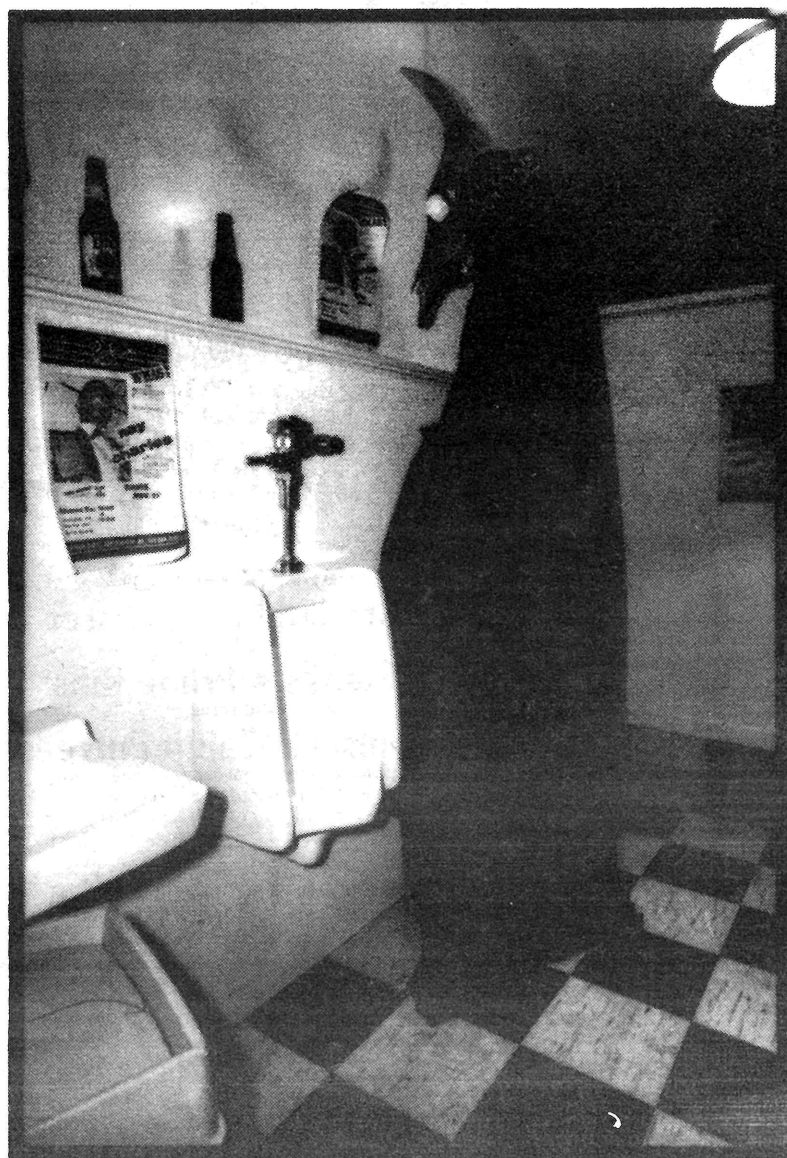
SCORPIO: Now that the Bug Nib Groupings are whining with the emergence of Halley's Comet, it's time to get out the sea sponges & flannel bathrobe ganglia. Don't pay any attention to the drooping drawers in your dresser, many wide ends have transformed to 'buicks' this season, and an appointment with your therapist can be the answer to those tongue depressor evenings at the meat counter. The Defiler Oracle suggests you find simple romance before the holiday to prevent your nerves from firing the GABA Fluids that could cause you to burn gas stations or light the rubber mat on fire in front of the door. My suggestion to you is to get on board the Death Frigate with that Taurus friend, and seek treatments for your cystoid & puerile behaviors. Avoid becoming punchdrunk with that dipsomaniac...
Your Color: PUDENDUM PINK

SAGITTARIUS: This month is a tricky one, especially if you hang around down town in front of the bank with spike bracelets on. Jack Frost and his palooka boys are leaving town to find Nirvana with the Mohawk Meisters from Monson and you should check it out. Dracunculus, patron saint of Earthquakes, warns that you put foam rubber blocks under your bed to avoid fallouts & rugburn. Your car could be subject of tail pipe torture around the 9th; wrap bands of red cloth (swaddling clothes, preferably from a manger) around it to prevent blowing violations & pull over roadside checks. Avoid 501 jeans, and drop seat johnnies...
Your Color: BOUGIE BLUE

CAPRICORN: Since you are ruled by the Cocker Spaniel Nebula this month, it will be an easy temptation to hop on board the Gravey Train & experiment with Breeders' Choice. But watch out, Poodles & Wolverines are vicious and their bites are deeper than their growl. A giant hairball could result from bad selective treacheal activity. Romance is on the rise, and you could end up in the pound with trail mix in your favorite pair of shorts. Sister Max & her Order of the One-Eyed Monsters with the Turtleneck Sweaters are waiting for you 'out back' with Auntie Entity, and you should take the short-cut through Cat Pee Alley this Tuesday night to Pearl St. Remember, Jesus was a Capricorn & the Elapidae Oracle suggests you walk softly and carry a big whip...
Your Color: PHAGODYNAMOMETER FUSCHIA

AQUARIUS: You should be ashamed of yourself this month, or any month, for that fact. Don't hang around with any hyperploids who make 'odd' phone calls in the nite. Try getting married, this should straighten your ass right out. Call the Sisters of the Dredded Dizygous DisOrder if it's the convent you are trying to escape. Park your car near the rectory and see if it rubbs off... Avoid clingons in tight corsets with crinolin skirts, it only makes the torso look jaded. Invest in ethnic funk & circumstance: visit Chicopee and learn how one 'ties a babushka'! The pseudomorph in Uranus suggests a weekend of muff diving for dibba-cakkhu & sunken chests from the Titanic in the Specific Ocean with that cute carp of your dreams...
Your Color: DE NIRO NEON

PISCES: Rotate your lamps & have your couch potato fixed. If you're smart, you will upholster it with naugahyde. The Blanche DuBois Nebula recommends you avoid symbiotic relationships this month with mudsharks, curtain climbers, and anybody in a ripped-up T-Shirt. The Dudley DoWrite Oracle identifies you with Nell, and you should watch out for anybody named Snidley. Underwater sports & inflatable apparati could be dangerous in the gene pool. You could look like marvelous juicy bait for that hammerhead that just can't wait to extrapolate you from your shell. Keep on land, put lead in your Reeboks and add galactophorous salts to your tub water. Stay outta cellulite wraps & saunas & don't leave the house without your tube...
Your Color: GLOSSOPEIGLOTTIDEAN GREEN



SHOUL

TOBEY

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS



ADVANCING VIDEO: Seems Advanced Video is advancing as fast as they can these days. They've carved out far-flung satellite stores in South Hadley, Belchertown, and more recently set up camp in Amherst. The original 'Hamp store is now apparently too big for its britches, and has taken over the J.A. Wright Kitchen Design Center next door. The expanding Advanced Video seems to be able to scoot at the competition which is popping up all around them. But what if the biggest daddy of them all, DEL PADRE, with stores in Greenfield and Springfield, decides to put down roots halfway between them? Del Padre's tape library dwarfs AV's, and the Old Man rents for a buck a night. That price makes vid merchants quake in their boots. And Del Padre once said that if anyone every matched his price he'd lower it to 50 cents a night!

TRACKING THE SCENT OF THE BUSINESS BEAT

THE YEAST WE CAN EXPECT: Tacked to the door of Naegle's shuttered bakery in Amherst recently was a note written by a distraught customer, asking where the owner was and how come nobody had put up any sign concerning the abrupt closure. Several other concerned passersby added their two cents, and before long the little note began to resemble a bathroom wall. We had reported that a former employee might buy the bakery, but that's been nixed. Susanne is reportedly looking for another buyer.

DAY OF THE LIVING MALL: The Mountain Farms Mall was sold a while back for around \$300,000 to some New York City investors who apparently aren't going to let their purchase languish as the retail joke of the Valley for too much longer. They want tenants badly for that Almy's Vault and the rest of the place. A pair of Springfield ski and audio merchants did rent the space for a couple of days for a loudly-trumpeted sale, but no one has latched onto more permanent roots there. The building which once housed the Pearl Vision Center was going to be Hair East, which ended up in Amherst Center where Heartfelt Leather once was. Litigation has kept the unsightly Pearl building vacant, next to the equally vacant Bonanza Steak House.

WILLY WONKA: A new store has opened that sells only things made with chocolate. It is the Chocolate Bakery, in the Pot Pourri Mall. The bakery's owner believes she will pull people in from faraway states with her ultra-deluxe chocolate concoctions.

DIAMOND VOID: When the Video House moved out of the Hampshire Mall, it left a huge unfilled hole which rumor has it is being paid for by Zales due to an unbreakable lease arrangement. Now it could be called the Valley's most expensive billboard, as it is used to point the way to the mall's big shops, and nothing else.

READY, AIM, FIRE: Remember where there used to be a convenience store/gas station on King St? Well, mix together Grampy's and Store 24, and you have a powerful enough weapon to kill even the best laid plans. So Gas and Go has gone and went. Now it is a hole which will soon be a new Hampshire National Bank.

BUMMER OF THE WEEK: A sign appeared out of the blue in early November... One of those dire "Sites Available" types of signs signalling ugly urban sprawl in Amherst. Where now cows munch grass by a stream on the corners of Rte. 116 and Pine St. (across from Hubbard's Auction Gallery) will soon become the Amherst Commercial and Industrial Park. What a bummer.

OLDS NEWS: Over in Eho, Clark Oldsmobile is making fast progress on their new headquarters just outside of town on Rte. 10. Betterest Waterbeds has finally left this sad hamlet and has stretched out in Rocky's Home Center in Hadley, who decided they didn't need all that room anyway. One Eho businessowner was asked what he thought would be going in to the former waterbed store location. He shrugged one of those "you have to live here to understand this town" looks and said, "That place won't be rented for a long

time. It took 'em two years to get those people in there." But days after the bedpeople split, a children's clothing store called Pooh's Corner appeared.

MUSCLE TUSSLE: A new Fitness and Dance Center has popped up on Rte. 10, in a huge prefab building. Jackie Hackworth has opened a massive Nautilus, dance studio, hot tub and exercise salon on Rte. 10 toward Soho. Some of the Fitness Men in 'Hamp are worried about losing their precious Eho clientele, since this new place seems to have it all. Who says you can't too? Even in Eho.

AH RUBBISH: We hear that Buddy Rubbish and his pals on WRSI's Friday Night Oldies Show are so flush with eager advertisers that they are beginning to think they can get away with anything. A gushing write-up in *Hampster Life* added more velocity to Mr. Bud's bandwagon. OK, Buddy, when will the video be out?

COMPACT DISC (SHOP): A new Lilliputian-sized record store has hung out a shingle, albeit a small one, in between Center Real Estate and the camera store near Augie's in downtown Amherst... it's called Yesterday and Today Records. And we heard from a former employee of Back Room Records that the Back Room Man is now gainfully employed as the owner of several video game arcades to the south.

HERE COMES DEHO! Seems Deerfield is the place everyone in commerce is talking about these days... new shoppes going up on Rte. 5, and Spuds and Buds building a spanking new place near the Motel 6. But what happened to the 1704? Did 1985 catch up to it? The owners, distant California dwellers, aren't saying much about any future plans, though the managers of this bargain motel wish someone would do something with that restaurant to please their unhappy (and hungry) guests.

HANGAR BANDWAGON: Soda And Pet Food City have jumped and joined their former neighbors, Hadley Tire, in the old Hangar One building. As we were typing up this column, some ground was being scratched around in next to the closer Skibiski Farm Equipment place in Sunderland. Bruce Scott, of Deerfield Real Estate fame, is building an office complex here. This mover and shaker recently sold his own building, and can't get used to paying rent. We are sure, however, this sale was a savvy one, as this cat is becoming famous in the Valley for shrewd real estate deals.

OH SHUT UP, JOHN: Who else is sick of hearing John Hirsch of Scientific Stereo whine on his WRSI radio spots? Speaking of radio, wonder how long the folks at the Hot Spot will take to recover from the shattering blow they received when they were picked "Worst Radio Station" in the *Advocate* Poll. Those polls are good for one thing: selling *Advocate* advertising. Notice how many good upstanding businessfolks were persuaded to buy ads with those little "Best Of" ribbons on them? If OH NO! ever decides to run a Best of NoHo poll, they can collect their own dirt from the world of commerce. Three votes can create a crowing winner, even if they're all sent in by the same person.

Hal Vendidi with Stephen Scripsi



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NONA HATAY

OOweflukkiinneunk

ATOKADAKOTA, NO THEATER
Performance: A new play by Roy Faudree (*Last Resort*, The Final Chapter), Dec. 6, 7, 13, 14, at 8pm in Gallery 3 at Thorne's. *Last Resort* will travel to San Francisco (January) and NYC (March) as part of the Art Exchange Program. Get it while you can!

DIDN'T WE EAT ALREADY?
Tongues by Sam Shepherd and Joseph Chaikin and other additions performed by Alan Arenius. Thursday and Friday December 19 and 20, basement of First Church of Christ, Congregational, 129 Main St., Northampton, 8:00 p.m. Admission \$3.00. YES. I THINK SO.

TONIGHT! Dec. 5! Neville Brothers
at The Northampton Center for the Arts. Be there or be a cow. See you there.

LIVE LITERATURE / OPEN READING: Writers are invited to read from their poetry, fiction and non-fiction on December 17, at 7:30 at the Jones Library, Amherst. Each reader will have 8-10 minutes. Sign up early.

THE PROGRESS OF A FIRE, a brand new novel from Lake Pleasant resident Robert Abel, has just been published by Simon and Schuster. Yes, you heard right: Valley writer, big New York publisher. Gosh.

DECEMBER 6 & 7: No Theatre / Dadavision Performance, Northampton Center for the Arts. Who knows what this unholy collaboration will bring? Can't wait.



ALEX CHILTON: — The Big Star himself —
Q: Who influenced the DB's, R.E.M., Let's Active and Rainy Day more than anyone else?
A: Alex Chilton.
Q: Whatever happened to Alex Chilton?
A: Get down to the Iron Horse December 15 and find out!

ZONE: The opening of the fifth anniversary celebration was a happy occasion for the throngs that attended the evening of performances, video, film and music. All the founders of the Zone Art Center were on hand, each having selected two of the artists represented in the group show, which will be on exhibit through December 29.

**IN THIS SEASON OF
COMPULSIVE GIFT-BUYING**

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WHERE YOUR HEART IS!**

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"I've been scared to death that I
might be paranoid."

-- Buddy Rubbish

UN *accompagner dans son voyage à l'autre* CLASSIFIEDS

Okay, all right, it's still free. And probably personals will always be free. But we'll never classify them. You'll have to read through the whole mess searching for your own little jewel, your own stratocaster or your own fatty. Go ahead, take advantage of all the wonders of classified advertising without the illusion of order. Do it now. But don't worry. If we ever start to charge for these, they'll be very cheap.

Keep it down to four lines, one ad per customer, please, unless you're a split personality. If what you have is a personal, we'll assign you an OH NO! box number, and forward your responses discreetly in a plain brown envelope. Make sure you include your name, address and telephone number for confirmation purposes.

FEMALE TRAVELING COMPANION with interest in left politics wanted for trip to Central America in February with SWM 36. No strings. Let's talk about it. Reply Box 147, Haydenville, Mass. 01039.

FOR A COPY of A Lilac Rebellion, a novel of campus turmoil in the sixties, by John Skochlas, send \$5.95 to Corning Publishing Company, Box 433, Northampton, MA 01061.

KINKS COLLECTOR looking for rare tapes to trade, buy, etc. Have extensive list. Lots of other groups also. Your list gets mine. R. Betley, 153 Jeremy Ct., Edison, NJ 08817.

RISKY BUSINESS: Incorrigible, fearless

trapeze artist (DWF age 35) seeks lion-tamer counterpart. No clowns, midgets, or snake charmers, please. OH NO! NOHO! #A1, Box 413, Northampton MA 01060.

IN THE AMERICAS by Robert Bohm, classic collection of radical Valley poetry, once again available at Goliard and Broad-side Bookshops.

LIVING IN LIMBO 4-song 7" ep by THE NEEDLES \$3.00 from Wolverine Records, OH NO! NOHO! #A2, Box 413, Northampton, MA 01060.

GUITARIST looking for musicians to form American roots band. I like Albert King, Charlie Rich, Jason and the Scorchers, etc. Fun now, profit later? Call Alan, 584-3060.

CLASSIC 1960 283 IMPALAS! Pink one runs every day, green one for parts. Both bodies fair-minus, both engines strong, both have all glass. Extensive documentation of mechanical work. \$2500 firm takes the pair (I'll pay to tow the green one). OH NO! NOHO! #A3, Box 413, Northampton, MA 01060.

WHITMAN AND WHITMAN HAIR DESIGN is looking for experienced hairdressers to work in ever-changing high tech Northampton salon. Call Linnea at 586-7506. All inquiries strictly confidential.

\$20 GIFT CERTIFICATE at the Goliard Bookshop and one-year subscription to OH NO! NOHO! to the first person who identifies the quotation which began in last month's Goliard ad and continues in this issue and the next and the next... This month's best attempts, ("I can name that tune in one note, Nat"), came from G.M. Girling at UMass: "Is the quotation taken from Thomas Stearns Eliot's work, *The Waste Land*: 'I think we are in rats' alley...' and Pam Glaven asks, "Is it from that speech I made to my staff last month, you know, 'I think we can, I think we can, I think we can...' Keep guessing. Send entries to Goliard Contest, OH NO! NOHO!, Box 413, Northampton, MA 01060.

ARE YOU SICK of "Advocate" personal ads where manipulative Yuppie wimps seek out "meaningful, spiritually correct" relationships? Well, I have all of the "meaningful" relationships that I can handle — what I'm looking for is MORE SEX. I'm looking for likeminded, healthy men, women and couples for nonsexist, nonexploitative, mutually satisfying sex. Your race, age, gender, appearance and socioeconomic status are not important;

your lack of pretense, prejudice and inhibition are. All replies will be answered. It's only rock and roll... but I like it! OH NO! NOHO! #A4, Box 413, NoHo, MA 01060.

SLATE. The hills that are far away are green, but don't jump on the train. Remember, in Massachusetts you can get two years in jail for riding the rails. Bi anseo anois. Be here now. Slinn Liath.

ANY WRITER interested in reading in the Live Literature series, which will resume in February 1986, is asked to submit a manuscript of five to ten pages, poetry, fiction or nonfiction, to Edward Baratta or James Haug, 452 Bartlett Hall, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, MA 01003. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HEY YOU! We want to know if we're missing any news of tradesmen or business in the NOHO area. Send me, Hal Vendidi, a note — don't bother to sign it — just address it to us, and tell us about any business news we should be covering. We'll be thankful, and you'll get your reward in print, when we either embarrass or condemn you with our poison prose. Send any dope to: Mind Your Own Business, OH NO! NOHO!, Box 413, Northampton, MA 01060.

NEITHER COMMUNE NOR SUBURBIA — people, with time or money, to start modern, rural neighborhood locally. S.A.S.E. for further info. Eric Walgren, 140 Gulf Rd., Belchertown, 01007.

INTERESTED IN ACQUIRING Jon Long memorabilia — childhood photos, drum sticks, bootleg tapes, etc. Contact The Jon Long Fan Club East at 40 Pomeroy Terrace, Noho.

